

One

It was evening now, and the street lights glittered with brilliant sparks against the wall of black night, and from the gambling shops which lined the streets the ivory mah jong sets clattered loudly together, as gamblers got together for two or three hours of enjoyment. The smell of cigarettes and cigars polluted the night air, throwing a choking feeling into the atmosphere. He walked slowly down Webster Street, the most important street of Chinatown, watching the people, noticing their movements, the way they acted and walked. There was a weary look in the eyes of all. The radio in the New Home Restaurant annou^Nced with a strong voice. The sound of the gong would indicate seven p.m. And the rhythmic bells struck in different tones, making a symphonic melody, lyrical and musical to the ears. Chinese men walked by, rushing home to the wife and children. He walked along the street and passed by the shooting gallery, recently opened and run by a white woman, a hot one, a whore, by her looks. All right, boys, five shots for ten cents. Come right in and try your luck. A man was smoking a cigar in the window, and he was looking intensely at the white whore. His eyes were very eager, lusty. A big orange bus stopped on the street, and a large group of Filipinos and Chinamen got off briskly, but new occupants came to take their places, to be whisked away into pleasure and joy far away. The Filipinos with sleek hair, and twenty dollars suit lined the walk, and their shiny eyes hungrily watching the girls and young women. Another group rolled dices and ^{played} ~~played~~ the nickel machine. Come right in boys, five shots for ten cents.

Jan Lee

A Mother

2/11

She longed for a little baby, but nature was cruel and would not answer her demands. Often she would sit in the empty house and craved for the touch of a baby's hand. Or to hear the lusty crying of a baby's voice. She wanted to feel the soft touch of the rosy-pink skin. But, Alas, such is not so.

There was no baby in the house. Only a man and a woman. The days were slow and monotonous. The woman felt the hollowness and darkness of the house.

The woman was weak. Very very weak. So weak that whenever she took a trip over to Oakland she got seasick. She lived in one of those steep and uphill streets in San Francisco. Many times by climbing these streets she got so exhausted that she had to rest awhile before she could regain her breath.

The husband, too, was weak. But not so much so as the woman. So perhaps it was not so strange that they did not have any children.

The woman wished for a child all her life. But her prayers went unanswered. So after twelve years of deprived motherhood, she finally adopted a child. It is a girl. The woman, because she had never had a child, never experienced the joys of a child's love. She had tenderness and affection to shower upon a little child but there was not child to receive it. Life was empty for the woman who never felt the adoration and tenderness of a child. The woman married for more than twelve years already and during all that time she craved for a child. And a child she at last has, but it is not her own. No one could be more fortunate to be the child of this woman. She cared for the adopted baby like it was her own flesh and blood. She showered tenderness and care

upon her. But she is not spoiling the child. The child is well disciplined.

The baby was adopted by the woman five years ago. The baby was a little baby when she entered the house of the new mother. She was a bundle of red-pinkish flesh, a most adorable baby. The woman immediately fell completely head over heels over her. And in the night when the baby cried, the woman herself would walk the floor carrying the baby and comforting her. She got up at night and cook meals for the little babe. And that is something she had never done for twelve years, twelve long years.

The woman, because she was not accustomed to taking care of a baby, had a terrible time caring for the little babe. After a month of caring for the baby, the woman fell sick. As we have said, the woman was not strong. And waking up night after night was too much for her and she finally succumbed from fatigue. And the husband, because he too was weak and because the baby cried at night, could not get any sleep. And he too fell sick. And the baby developed a strange sort of illness that startled the woman. The baby got thinner and thinner and in spite of what the woman did, it got worse. And all three got sick. The baby caused it all. It's hard to believe it, but it is true. The woman sent the baby to a hospital for treatment. The baby stayed there for over five months. And the little baby finally got well at the neat and sturdy sum of six hundred dollars. The woman had already spent quite a lot for the adoption of the baby. And added to cost of the hospital bill it was a lot of money. But in time when a life was at stake money was not the important thing to consider. After the baby came back from the

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hospital, she was much better and older. And at night she does not cry so much. At that time the mother and the man were well from their illness.

Because the mother adopted a baby it benefitted many people. There were new clothes to be bought. There was a woman to be hired to take care of the child. And then there were toys to be had. The woman put money into active circulation. And everybody was benefitted. The baby: because she got new clothes and toys; the woman who care for the baby: because she got extra spending money; the store: because they were able to sell their goods. The man and the woman had quite a lot save up because expenses for them were not great before they adopted the baby. When the child finally came to them they did not spare anything to make her happy. As a result the baby was in very fortunate hands. Even its own mother could not do as much for her as this woman did.

The baby was about a year old when the woman adopted her. Today she is six. She is having one of the happiest time of her life.

If the woman were a stage star, I could tell about her trips, her jewels, her clothes or her glamour. If she were a noted person, I could tell about her accomplishments, her fame, and her work. But unfortunately, for me anyway, she is neither of these. She is one of the many of us who struggled and live. So to write a story about such a person is one of the most difficult things to do. Her life is more or less stationary. By that I mean she does not travel much. She had been in China and in California.

She lead a lonely life. When she married she was ready to

face a rich life one full of joy which must now set in. But the months and years went by and the time she spent was on little vain things and when she thought about it, nothing was done. She had pictured it differently. Life was too slow. Too empty. It is that that had made her so restless, so impatient and the feeling that nobody understand her. For there is a big gulf between motherhood and a woman who is without child. But occasionally into her restless days there comes a feeling that, strangely like some indistinct promise that this sort of life would not continued forever. Something she does not understand but which she wished to hear. Too long she had been lonely for a child and to be like that was nothing less than life itself.

But this woman was a most considerate person. She would do anything to help anyone out. On days when she was tired out people would asked her to do this and that. And she would answered, "Yes I do it." And she did it too. Whenever a friend had a baby she was the first one to go over to help the new mother do her housework. She was the first one to contribute to charity. She loves children.

She came over to America after she married her husband in China. It was a great relief to know that she was not born in a village. Previous to this we thought that little villages were the only place in which children were born.

Unlike most girls of her days she had a full education. She writes letters that draws praises from everyone who reads them.

The Chinese letters are so ^{strange} ~~strange~~. Everything is so formal. And people who do not know much do not dare to write a letter for fear of being laughed at. People come to this woman and begged

her to write letters for them. She always obliged. She had many friends.

In China she attended two different schools. A private school for girls. And a public school in which boys and girls mixed together. She devoted most of her time to study and concentration. It was her health that kept her from physical action. She was the brightest student of her class. And whenever the teacher wished to know anything she was always the one who knew it. In examinations she was excused from participation. The teacher made her listen to the other boys and girls recite. Even when she was a little girl her brightness startled her elders. She was just naturally brilliant. She did not have to struggle and slaved in order to get a lesson done. She learned easily and that is that. She decided to become a teacher but her health did not permit it. She got tired easily and nothing could be done about it.

Therefore most of her life was spent in resting and recreation.

When she was twenty-one she married a young man who arrived from California. Perhaps due to the fact that both are pretty well educated they are drawn together. The result-marriage! She then came over to the United States.

Another strange thing that we found out is that the men in those days who are born in America as a rule go back to get married. But, very strange too, is the fact that girls who are born here in the early days did not go back to get a husband. They married over here to men who are born in China and who came over when they are young. ^{Quite} ~~Quite~~ odd, we think.

But today that does not hold true.

The husband because of his health too, did not do any hard work. He became a dress makerr He opened a little shop on Clay Street. Clothes were made to order to whomever wished it. The husband cut the clothes and the wife sewed it on the electric machine. In the Christmas holidays two extra workers were hired to help with the work.

It was at this time that the woman's desire for a baby became acute. There was no happiness in her life. Not that she was not happy with her husband, but that her life is not complete without a child.

Today she is truly happy. There is a sparkle in her eyes that were once so sad and dim. Her happiness seems to have affected her health. She gained a great deal of weight and she does not get tired so easy.

What more could she ask? She got money. An Adorable child. An understanding husband. Her happiness is now complete. After scores of lonely years she is today no longer lonely.

Now this woman and man had been in the United States for a long, long time. They had been living here since they were married. They decided to go back to China to live there permanently. But they only stayed there a year. The woman got lonely. She missed her friends and relatives over here. So she came back to the United States two years ago. The husband went back to his former store to work. He went back and sold the store to a friend of his with the understanding that if he came back he was to have the store back. He did have the store back and he started to work all over again.

Today the mother is picking up her life where she left off. She is seeing her old friends again. And they dropped in from time to time to ask the woman to help them write letters. And as of former years she obliged.

As Shakespeare said, "All the world is a stage." Or something like that anyway. And that includes San Francisco too. People died. People are born. And the thousand and one things that occurred in the activities of the human race happened each day.

And this woman stand above it all. Seeing. Understanding. For was she not a mother? And mothers always know best.

Well, sometimes, not always.

V
About Shrimps and People

Before my uncle bought the shrimp store it was owned by another man. The previous owner died and his wife sold the store.

Very new
There is a very old woman working in the store for over fifteen years. For fifteen long years she had been working in the same store and doing the same kind of work. She sits on a certain box for a chair and she absolutely will not trade it for a chair of any kind. For every pound of shrimps she picked she got ten cents. The average time for picking a pound of shrimps is about ninety minutes. Sometimes the old woman made thirty cents a day. Sometimes the old women made more. She is very slow because she is near-sighted. She sits at the very end of the room on a certain right hand corner and for fifteen long years she did not once change her position. She wore the typical old Chinese woman attire, black pants and clothes. Always wore black, nothing else.

The store was a sort of gossiping place for the group of old woman who gathered there each day. There, one will learn about who was going to get married, who gave birth to a baby, who passed away to the land beyond. In fact the group discussed everything under the sun but the kitchen sink.

There are a group of old woman working there now. Most of them are over forty. Some are a little younger. There are no men working there. Some who are slow makes but twenty cents a day. Others who are faster make over fifty cents. Everybody comes at nine in the morning and works without stopping for lunch. The average wage of pay for a single persons is thirty cents.

Women who have small babies to take care and were unable to come to the store have the good fortune to have the shrimps delivered to them at home. They worked at home and when they finished, they took the shrimps back to the store. They also have to take the shells back also.

Most of the women who worked at the store do not mind the small amount they made a day. They gathered at the store just to talk and gossip and to waste time.

The old near-sighted woman is at the store everyday if there is work.

She is old. Her face is all wrinkled, but she talked with a strong and sturdy voice. Her body is strong and full, not lean and weak like the other old women. Very very shortsighted, but does not wear any glasses.

She did not tell much about herself, but she told about the former owner. She talked a lot. Some of the stories she told would even make Lady Lou blush with shame.

And this is the story she told about her former boss.

"He got up every morning at six o'clock. He delivered the shrimps to all of the restaurants and markets that were opened at the early hours. He got an automobile but he could not drive it. So he walked.

On Saturdays and Sundays his other sons helped him with his work. Every morning the man would have two baskets filled with packages of shrimps that are wrapped in one, two, and three pound packages. These two baskets were connected by a long pole. The man put the pole across his shoulders with the two baskets hanging on the two sides. It was easier to carry the load in this manner. After delivering the shrimps in the morning he would come back to the store and eat. At nine he went down to the dock on First and Broadway to bring the shrimps back to be picked by the women workers. The shrimps were sent over every morning by the store in San Francisco.

"At twelve he again got to deliver the shrimps to hotels, markets, and restaurants that are opened late. In case someone phoned for shrimps he again got to take the shrimps to the different store and his wife took care of the store. All of the sons were going to school then.

"The store made a prosperous business. Once at the very peak of business there were over twenty women working at the store. They worked day and night. Long hours. But in those years the workers made from fifty cents to a dollar a day. In former years in Christmas and Thanksgiving, it was not an exaggeration to say that the owner and the workers have no time to eat and rest. People came unceasingly. The moment we finished picking some shrimps they were immediately sold. We rushed and we rushed. Today everything is so different.

"I remembered perfectly something that happened many years ago. It was Saturday and there were a great deal of shrimps picked already. The boss thought that they will last over the week end. However, by Saturday night it was all sold. There were shrimps to sell on Sunday. Usually Sunday was a very quiet day and few people came to buy. This particular Sunday was different. People came and went. But they did not get any shrimps. Now the store had a great quantity of shrimps on storage at the National Ice Storage Company. And the boss decided to go down to get some out. But the storage was not opened on Sundays. After that happening the boss every week end put up more than enough shrimps to take care of the customers. But the same incident never happened again.

"The boss was a very good-natured fellow. Everybody like him. And he made friends very easy.

"Despite the odor of shrimps all over him, nobody avoided him. And he was very careful in the spending of money. His wife was even more so. The wife was a sickly old thing. She worked and worked and never suffered any ill effects. There were three sons in the family. And no three sons could be more different. The oldest one was very quiet and timid. The second one was short and very fat. The third was a sort of compromise between the two. Not too fat and not too tall. He was the most hard working of the three. All are born in California. Also the father. The father died when he was fifty-two.

"Even on school days the youngest son got up early in the morning and helped his father in the delivering of the shrimps. The second son despite the fact that he was fat and ruddy was very weak. He suffered from a shortness of breath. And he could not do any hard physical work. The third son was a book worm and he was always studying.

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"Even on school days the youngest son got up early in the morning and helped his father in the delivering of the shrimps. The second son despite the fact that he was fat and ruddy was very weak. He suffered from a shortness of breath. And he could not do any hard physical work. The third son was a book worm and he was always studying.

"The oldest son was married and after one year of married life he was divorced. All of us in the store knew it was inevitable because his wife was not the kind of person that could stay married long. Before the son got married, however, he made the acquaintance of a girl living around the corner.

This girl was ugly and very very dark. The girl's father said that the boy could have her absolutely free and ^{asked} for nothing in return. But the son did not wish it. The girl later returned to China and from the rumors it is said that she died from an illness.

"The wife to moved to Nevada city after her husband death. She have a little store in there. A vegetable store. Once every year during the July holidays she sold firecrackers and made enough in those few days for the entire year's rent.

"The wife was a very superstitious woman. On New Year she hung a bright new curtain on her bedroom door. She wrapped up all of the brooms and dustrooms and for one whole week of the new year she would not clean or sweep her floor. The superstitious believed that whenever a person swept the floor during the new year they were sweeping away gold.

"The wife would not take a trip without first consulting a god. There was an old woman living on Ninth and Webster Street who used to do that sort of work. That old woman had an old-gold god called Goon Yum. People went to her to consult her. The wife was a regular customer to this old woman. And on the birthday of the god (yes there is such a thing) the woman would bring all sorts of gifts and foods to the fortune telling woman.

"The wife was so superstitious that she had good luck signs pasted on the doors of her bedrooms and in the rooms of her sons.

"She only washed her hair on certain days. She got an old book, a sort of good luck book, which she consulted very often. If the book said that the day was not a good day to wash her

hair she will wait for another day.

"The shrimps business was getting along very well. There was a certain man who was jealous of the success of the company. He came over to Oakland and started a store which also sold shrimps. He lowered his price in order to get some of the boss' business. Now the boss had made a lot of money and he too lowered his price to battle it out with the other man. But the other man lowered his price still more. And the boss again lowered his price. Soon the price of shrimps was forty cents a pound. It did sell once for sixty cents a pound. And the wholesale price was fifty cents a pound. Now the price of shrimps was lower than the former wholesale price.

"The other man was not satisfied with the damage he had done. He went to the boss customers and forced them to buy from him. Some did, others did not. Most of the customers knew the boss too well and continued doing business with him. The boss knew that something must be done before his own business will be wrecked by the other man. But before he had a chance to do what he wished, the other man business toppled over and failed. The other man had been selling too cheap and he could not meet the expenses. As a result he moved back to San Francisco.

"But there was no end of trouble. Another man had the idea of breaking into the shrimp business. Instead of opening a store here he had his store in San Francisco.

"Every morning he brought the shrimps over in his automobile and went to the boss own customers. He tried the same trick of lowering his prices. And once again our boss did the

same. The boss knew that this could not continued forever. Through a customer he found out the time in which the other man came to deliver shrimps. One morning he waited for him at a certain store and explained to the other man not to do it again. He said that if the other man wished to do business it was all right with him. But that he should not ~~keep~~^{keep} on lowering his price. The boss also told him to let the customers buy from whomever the customers wished. But the other man was very stubborn and he caused no end of trouble.

"One day the boss gave him the beating of his life. The other man was terribly hurt and a tong war was almost started. Both men were in different tongs. It was after a great deal of trouble that the matter was finally settled. Since then we have not heard as to what happened to the other man."

She concluded the story. I asked her, "Do you not find it tiresome working so long at the same job?"

"No, the fact is that whenever we have a day off I feel lonesome. I am the only one of the workers who have kept at the same job since the store opened. People come and go but I am here forever. Many who come to work but a day and then they ~~quitted~~. They are too delicate for this sort of work. And they are too slow for the work. And they make only fifteen cents a day. And they do not think it pays for the amount of work they put in. But I do not mind how much I make. I want to meet the people and talk to them. I have not missed a single day of work in fifteen years except once. It is a rather good record to be proud of."

"Do you intent to continue this sort of work indefinetely?"

"It is hard to say. I am content with the work. My son is working besides. Even if I stay home I will have nothing to do. I am not used to being alone. I like to talk to people and make friends."

The store is completely different now. It is painted over and altered with new materials. The old woman still sits in her little corner as content as ever. Now there are only five women working there. They do not work long hours as before. Business is very very quiet. And the workers work every other day instead of daily. No rushing at all. Once in awhile customers come in and buy some shrimps. Usually a pound or a half a pound. The days of prosperity are over. By eliminating all foolish expenses ~~before~~ it is possible to barely make a living now.

Meanwhile the old woman sits in her little corner picking, picking. The little corner is her world and for fifteen years she has been there. Many more years will ^{come} ~~pass~~ and go but the old woman still lives on picking, picking, picking....

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And this is the story she told about her former boss: "He got up every morning at six o'clock. He delivered the shrimps to all of the restaurants and markets that were opened at the early hours. He got an automobile but he could not drive it. So he walked. On Saturdays and Sundays his other sons helped him with his work. Every morning the man would have two baskets filled with packages of shrimps that are wrapped in one, two, and three pound packages. These two baskets were connected by a long pole.

The man put the pole across his shoulders with the two baskets hanging on the two sides. It was easier to carry the load in this manner. After delivering the shrimps in the morning he would come back to the store and eat. At nine he went down to the dock on First and Broadway to bring the shrimps back to be picked by the women workers. The shrimps were sent over every morning by the store in San Francisco.

"At twelve he again went to deliver the shrimps to hotels, markets, and restaurants that are opened late. In case someone phoned for shrimps he went again to take the shrimps to the different stores and his wife took care of the store. All of the sons were going to school then.

"The store made a prosperous business. Once at the very peak of business there were over twenty women working at the store. They worked day and night. Long hours. But in those years the workers made from fifty cents to a dollar a day. In former years at Christmas and Thanksgiving, it was not an exaggeration to say that the owner and the workers had no time to eat and rest. People came unceasingly. The moment we finished picking some shrimps they were immediately sold. We rushed and we rushed. Today everything is so different.

"I remember perfectly something that happened many years ago. It was Saturday and there were a great many shrimps picked already. The boss thought that they would last over the week-end. However, by Saturday night they were all sold. There were shrimps to sell on Sunday. Usually Sunday was a very quiet day and few people came to buy. This particular Sunday was different. People

came and went. But they did not get any shrimms. Now the store had a great quantity of shrimms in storage at the National Ice Storage Company. And the boss decided to go down to get some out. But the storage was not opened on Sundays. After that the boss every week-end put up more than enough shrimms to take care of the customers. But the same incident never happened again.

"The boss was a very good-natured fellow. Everybody liked him. And he made friends very easy.

"Despite the odor of shrimms all over him, nobody avoided him. And he was very careful in the spending of money. His wife was even more so. The wife was a sickly old thing. She worked and worked and never suffered any ill effects. There were three sons in the family. And no three sons could be more different. The oldest one was very quiet and timid. The second one was short and very fat. The third was a sort of compromise between the two. Not too fat and not too tall. He was the most hard working of the three. All were born in California. Also the father. The father died when he was fifty-two.

"Even on school days the youngest son got up early in the morning and helped his father in the delivering of the shrimms. The second son despise the fact that he was fat and ruddy was very weak. He suffered from a shortness of breath. And he could not do any hard physical work. The third son was a book worm and he was always studying.

"The oldest son was married and after one year of married life he was divorced. All of us in the store knew it was inevitable

because the wife was not the kind of person that could stay married long. Before the son got married, however, he made the acquaintance of a girl living around the corner.

"This girl was ugly and very, very dark. The girl's father said that the boy could have her absolutely free and asked for nothing in return. But the son did not wish it. The girl later returned to China and from the rumors it is said that she died from an illness.

"The wife moved to Nevada City after her husband's death. She had a little store there. A vegetable store. Once every year during the July holidays she sold firecrackers and made enough in those few days for the entire year's rent.

"The wife was a very superstitious woman. On New Year she hung a bright new curtain on her bedroom door. She wrapped up all of the brooms and dust brooms and for one whole week of the New year she would not clean or sweep her floor. The superstitious believed that whenever a person swept the floor during the New Year they were sweeping away gold.

"The wife would not take a trip without first consulting a god. There was an old woman living at Ninth and Webster streets who used to do that sort of work. That old woman had an old-gold god called Goon Yum. People went to her to consult her. The wife was a regular customer to this old woman. And on the birthday of the god (yes there is such a thing) and woman they would bring all sorts of gifts and foods to the fortune telling woman.

"The wife was so superstitious that she had good luck signs pasted on the doors of her bedrooms and in the rooms of her sons.

"She only washed her hair on certain days. She got an old book, a sort of good luck book, which she consulted very often. If the book said that the day was not a good day to wash her hair she would wait for another day.

"The shrimp business was getting along very well. There was a certain man who was jealous of the success of the company. He came over to Oakland and started a store which also sold shrimms. He lowered his price in order to get some of the boss's business. Now the boss had made a lot of money and he too lowered his price to battle it out with the other man. But the other man lowered his price still more. And the boss again lowered his price. Soon the price of shrimms was forty cents a pound. It did sell once for sixty cents a pound. And the wholesale price was fifty cents a pound. Now the price of shrimms was lower than the former wholesale price.

"The other man was not satisfied with the damage he had done. He went to the boss's customers and forced them to buy from him. Some did, others did not. Most of the customers knew the boss too well and continued doing business with him. The boss knew that something must be done before his own business was wrecked by the other man. But before he had a chance to do what he wished, the other man's business toppled over and failed. The other man had been selling too cheap and he could not meet the expenses. As a result he moved back to San Francisco.

"But there was no end of trouble. Another man had the idea

of breaking into the shrimp business. Instead of opening a store here he had his store in San Francisco.

"Every morning he brought the shrimps over in his automobile and went to the boss's own customers. He tried the same trick of lowering his prices. And once again our boss did the same. The boss knew that this could not be continued forever. Through a customer he found out the time at which the other man came to deliver shrimps. One morning he waited for him at a certain store and explained to the other man not to do it again. He said that if the other man wished to do business it was all right with him. But that he should not keep on lowering his price. The boss also told him to let the customers buy from whomever the customers wished. But the other man was very stubborn and he caused no end of trouble.

"One day the boss gave him the beating of his life. The other man was terribly hurt and a tong war was almost started. Both men were terribly hurt and a tong war was almost started. Both men were in different tongs. It was after a great deal of trouble that the matter was finally settled. Since then we have not heard what happened to the other man."

She concluded the story. I asked her: "Do you not find it tiresome working so long at the same job?"

"No, the fact is that whenever we have a day off I feel lonesome. I am the only one of the workers who has kept at the same job since the store opened. People come and go but I am here forever. Many who come, work but a day and then they quit. They are too delicate for this sort of work. And they are too slow for the work. And they make only fifteen cents a day. And they do not

think it pays for the amount of work they put in. But I do not mind how much I make. I want to meet the people and talk to them. I have not missed a single day of work in fifteen years except once. It is rather a good record to be proud of."

"Do you intend to continue this sort of work indefinitely?"

"It is hard to say. I am content with the work. My son is working besides. Even if I stay home I will have nothing to do. I am not used to being alone. I like to talk to people and make friends."

The store is completely different now. It is painted over and altered with new materials. The old woman still sits in her little corner as content as ever. Now there are only five women working there. They do not work long hours as before. Business is very, very quiet. And the workers work every other day instead of daily. No rushing at all. Once in awhile customers come in and buy some shrimps. Usually a pound or a half a pound. The days of prosperity are over. By eliminating all foolish expenses it is possible to barely make a living now.

Meanwhile the old woman sits in her little corner picking, picking. The corner is her world and for fifteen years she has been there. Many more years will come and go but the old woman still lives on, picking.

The Little Boy Ying Goon

Tonight the shadow of sadness and weeping plays in the street of Chinatown, and there is only the loneliness of despair, and the lingering echo of a wailing song from the night before. There is a grayness in the air, a mournful lament, and I walk in the darkness of the city, thinking again of the little boy Ying Goon. It is at this moment of grievous pain, this moment of sudden remembrance that I feel the emptiness of separation, for the little boy Ying Goon is here no more.

And although it is now the New Year, and joy and gladness are everywhere, yet I feel them not. All gladness and cheer are drowned into the hush of silence in the earth, and every explosion of a firecracker is like a heavy pounding of a hammer in my heart. My grief is such that I am unable to think of anything else but my friend Ying Goon. His face appears before me once again, and I see his brown clear eyes, the blackness of his hair. I hear his voice whispering around me. Yes, he walks in the street beside me tonight, and I have a strange feeling of unreality, for I do not think it possible that only a week ago, he and I were walking here.

There is a lingering pain in my heart, and the memory of last night comes before me, and I weep again. Yes, there is an emptiness around me, and wailing of songs in symbolic weeping for him who has departed. Can it be possible that

Ying Goon is now beneath the firmness of the brown earth, to sleep, forever?

And although he is really gone from this earth, I find it hard to believe so.

How clearly now I see the scene before me once again. I see Ying Goon on the white hospital bed, his face blue with the poison that is slowly creeping all over him. His large black eyes are staring into my face. A sad smile brushes his lips. There he lies, dying, so helpless, so bravely, that while I do not wish to cry, I cannot control my tears. I am leaning close to him. His eyes are wet. Then looking at me strangely, he says in a trembling voice, "Leong, what is going to happen to me? I'm so afraid." And the tears rolled down his pale cheeks, wetting the bed.

I say to Ying Goon, "There is no need to be afraid of anything. You will be well before the New Year comes."

He smiles bravely when he hear this, but in his eyes there still lingers that fearful look. Then after awhile he commences to weep, and for many moments he cannot cease.

"Oh, Leong, I'm so afraid, I don't know why, but I have a peculiar feeling that something is going to happen to me."

I look at him. His face is very green and blue. I cannot speak for a moment.

"You'll be well soon, Ying Goon," I finally manage to say. "Do not worry too much." And then I put my arms around him and weep like a little child.

When I leave him, Ying ^{goon} grasps hold my arms, and he says to me, "You'll come to see again, won't you, Leong?"

He holds on tightly to my hands, unwilling to let go. There is a frightened look on his face, a fear and horror that I have never seen before, and when I look at his face, I seem to see death lurking in his eyes.

"I'll see you again," I say to Ying Goon, and as I say that, I know somehow that it is the last time that I shall ever see him alive. And coming out of the hospital I weep long and hard.

Now suddenly that picture is gone from my mind. I am once more in the streets of Chinatown, walking among the shadows of the the drooping buildings. I see the bright flash, and I hear the loud explosion of firecrackers in the falling evening. And my heart aches again. Yes, tonight there is loneliness in the streets, and because Ying Goon has gone away, I am lonelier still. I feel a coldness in the air, and darkness is everywhere. Stars too are dim, and the sky is full with everlasting lament.

"Oh, Ying Goon," I whisper softly, and I seem to feel his presence near me. Somehow, I cannot believe that he is gone, my little friend Ying Goon.

Now in this moment of remembrance, I cannot make myself believe that only yesterday he was laid to rest in the hills of San Francisco.

Yes, there is weeping everywhere, and there is pain and sweet moments of flashing remembrances, moments of fleeting impression, moments of lasting thoughts, and suddenly I know,

walking here, that the memory of Ying Goon will always be with me.

Yet how could I forget that moment when I learn of his death? I am alone in my room then, thinking of the little boy Ying Goon. When I come out, my mother is weeping, and she says, "Ying Goon is dead." Even though I know that it is true, yet I believe not. And only after I have gone and seen him that I finally know that he is really gone from me.

And now the scene of the joyous New Year fades again from my mind. My mind drifts up to a hill, overlooking San Francisco. A heavy wind is blowing in from the Golden Gate. The sky is dark with shadows. On such a day as this, we are burying him. Six men are carrying a plain wooden coffin, slowly walking up the hill. Ying Goon's brothers, Ying Quan and Ying Wei are weeping loudly. Little Ying Wei weeps unceasingly, and he calls out again and again, "Ying Goon, Ying Goon," his voice echoing through the lonely hills far above the Golden Gate. We are slowly climbing up the hill, and all the time, the heavy gust of wind blows into our face. Sadly, sadly, we go on. By now the sky is dark and ominous. A slight rain begins to fall on the earth.

Louder still the weeping of Ying Wei becomes. It is so full of sadness and grief, so painful, that I cannot control myself any longer. I go toward Ying Wei, and both of us cry together. On, on, we go up the hill. Then we come upon a wide stretch land filled with white crosses and marble tombstones. We stop. The six men carry the coffin to a

spot near a tree. We watch in silence while Ying Goon's casket is lowered into the ground. At this moment, everyone begins to cry. Little Ying Wei weeps the loudest. He calls out again, "Ying Goon, Ying Goon.." his voice trailing off into the distance. Then the brown earth hides the casket from our view. I see it no more. We make our way down the hill. Everyone is quiet. Nobody speaks. There is silence everywhere, and I hear the loud rustling of tree leaves fighting with the wind. Far below us, I can hear the murmur of sea waves. Up here in the solitude of space, far above the city of San Francisco, we are leaving the little boy Ying Goon.

And as I leave the hill where now Ying Goon is resting, I feel the deep pain of separation, the uncomprehensible feeling of something lost, but not forgotten, and I keep going down the hill, never looking back.

The rain is falling steadily now. We make haste to return to Oakland. All the way home I cannot talk, and my heart weeps within me.

In the night I wake up suddenly, and looking out into the darkness, I think of the little boy Ying Goon, and I see him in the darkness of the earth, sleeping forever in peace. Somehow he does not seem dead. I still think that I am in a dream, lost in a weird imagination where everything is ##### unreal.

And now the dream is gone, and I am once more in the solitude of the streets in Chinatown, ~~walking~~ walking in the

shadows of the buildings, thinking of little Ying Goon, and in my thoughts there come before me many pleasant memories of bygone days. I no longer know that this is the New Year. I am only conscious of him, and I feel his presence near me. I hear his voice, and then out into the darkness of the silent shadowy night, I whisper, "Ying Goon," and there is a murmur like a response from him.

Far away a firecracker explodes, and it sounds like a heavy pounding in my heart.

The Little Boy Ying Goon

Tonight the shadow of sadness and weeping plays in the streets of Chinatown, and there is only the utter loneliness of despair, and the lingering echo of a wailing song from the night before. There is a silence of lament, of grayness in the air, and I walk in the silence of the city, thinking again of the little boy Ying Goon, and it is at this moment of grievous pain, this moment of poignant remembrance that I feel the emptiness of separation, for the little boy Ying Goon is here no more.

It is New Year, and joy and gladness are in the air. Firecrackers explode in the street, proclaiming the arrival of cheer, but to me, all gladness is drowned into the hush of silence in the earth, and every explosion of a firecracker is like a heavy pounding of a hammer in my heart. My grief is such that I am unable to think of anything but my friend Ying Goon. His face comes before me once again, his voice whispers around me, and I see once more his brown clear eyes, the blackness of his uncombed hair. Yes, he walks in the street beside me, and I hold his hands in mine. And as I walk in the street of Chinatown tonight, I have a feeling of unreality and I do not think it possible that only a week ago, he and I were walking here.

There is a pain in the deepness of my suffering heart, and the memory of last night comes before me, and I weep again.

Now the New Year is here, and there is happiness everywhere, and yet I feel it not, because Ying Goon is gone forever. There is ~~an~~ emptiness ~~all~~ around me, and ~~there are~~ drooping of buildings, and wailing of songs, ~~in symbolic weeping~~ ^{weeping} for him who ^{has} ~~departs~~ ^{ed}. (Could it be possible that he is now beneath the brown firmness of the earth, to sleep, forever?)

A lingering sorrow comes over me, and I continue to weep on.

I see the scene before me once again. I see him in the white hospital bed, his large black eyes staring tiredly into my face. A sad smile comes into his mouth. His forehead is blue with poison. There he lies, dying, and there ~~is nothing that~~ can be done. I lean close to him. I see tears in his eyes. He says to me, "Leong, what is going to happen to me? I'm so afraid of everything here." And then tears drop ~~out~~ ^{from} his eyes until the ~~bed~~ ^{pillow} is wet.

I say, "Ying Goon, there is no need to be afraid of anything. You will be well before the New Year comes, and then we ~~will~~ ^{shall} both be together again."

I look at Ying Goon, and he smiles at me. I see his face, very green and blue. A sob catches in my throat. I cannot speak for a moment.

Then Ying Goon begins to cry, and he says, "Oh, Leong, I'm so afraid, I don't know why. I have a feeling that something is going to happen to me."

I find it hard to control my tears. I am unable to

Speak. Then finally I say, "You'll be all right, Ying Goon. Do not worry too much."

And at that moment I put my arms around him and weep like a little child.

When I leave him, Ying Goon says, "You come to see me again, won't you, Leong?"

"Yes," I say. But I know deep in my heart that perhaps that is to be the last time that I shall ever see him alive. And coming out of the hospital, I keep saying to myself: Ying Goon, Ying Goon, don't die on me.

But now the picture is gone. I see the bright flash of firecrackers in the darkness of evening. And my heart aches again. Yes, tonight there is loneliness in the street, and because Ying Goon is not here, I am lonelier still.

I feel cold, and darkness is everywhere. Stars too are dim, and the sky is full with everlasting lament. "Oh, Ying Goon," I whisper, and then I begin to cry.

Somehow, I cannot believe that he is gone, my little friend Ying Goon.

I remember him in the street corner selling papers.

It is a very cold day, and the rain keeps coming down in torrents. Little Ying Goon is standing under the shade of a building, shouting with all his voice, "Examiner, examiner."

He is shaking with cold, and I go up to him and say, "Ying Goon, are you not cold standing there in the rain?" And he says, "No, Leong, I am not cold." But I can see that he is suffering greatly, so in the evening I bring him an old sweater

of mine, and I give it to him.

I can see in his eyes that he is glad, and he says to me, "Are you sure you don't want it, Leong?"

"You can have it," I tell him.

And he puts it on. I think that from then on Ying Goon and I become closely attached to each other.

Now in this moment of remembrance, there is an utter tragedy about Ying Goon. Somehow, I cannot bring myself to believe that he is really gone, and that only yesterday he was laid to rest in the hills of San Francisco. He is more than a friend to me, for I think of him as part of me, and when he passed away, I feel that I myself have died too.

Yes, there is weeping everywhere, and there is pain and sweet moments of flashing remembrances, moments of fleeting impression, moments of lasting thoughts, and suddenly I know, walking here, that no matter what happens, the memory of Ying Goon will always be with me.

Yet how could I forget that moment when I learn of his death? When mother ^{told} tells me that Ying Goon is dead, I ^{do} do not believe, ^{though} but I know too that it ^{was} is the truth, and that at last he ^{was} is really gone from me.

And now I am up on a hill, overlooking San Francisco. A heavy ^{wind} comes blowing in from the Golden Gate, and the sky is dark with shadows. On such a day as this we are ^{burying} ~~buried~~ him. There is the coffin before me, a plain wooden coffin, carried by six men. Ying Goon's brothers, Ying Wei, Ying Quan, and the father are weeping loudly. Little Ying Wei weeps unceasingly. He calls out again and again, "Ying Goon, Ying Goon."

His loud weeping echoes through the lonely hills above the Golden Gate. And we are slowly making our way up the hill, while all the time, the heavy wind blows right into our face. Sadly, sadly, we go on. By now the sky is dark and ominous. A slight rain begins to fall towards the earth.

This is a moment of strangeness for me, a moment that I cannot understand. Beneath the casket lies little Ying Goon. I can see his face beneath the box, so white, so white like marble.

Louder still the weeping of Ying Wei become. It is so full of sadness and grief that I cannot control myself anymore. I go toward Ying Wei and put my arms around him, and both of us begin to weep. On, on, we go up the hill. Then we come upon a wide stretch of land filled with white crosses and marble tombstone. We all stop. We watch while Ying Goon's casket is lowered into the ground. At this unbearable moment, everyone begins to cry. Little Ying Wei weeps the loudest. He calls out again, "Ying Goon, Ying Goon, Ying Goon..." his voice trailing off into the distance. Then the brown earth covers the casket up. I see it no more. We make our way down the hill. Everyone is quiet. Nobody speaks. There is silence everywhere, and I hear the loud rustling of trees fighting the wind. Far below I could hear the murmur of sea waves. I see the city of San Francisco below me, and up here in the solitude, there is utter sadness.

Soon the time of departure comes. There is silence as I make my way back to Oakland. I cannot talk. My heart

weeps within me.

In the evening I cannot eat. I forget that it is the New Year. When the firecrackers go off, I startle suddenly. They are like cannon shots against my heart.

In the night I wake up, and looking out into the darkness I think of the little boy Ying Goon. There is a weird sensation thinking of him at night. He does not seem dead. I still think that it is all a dream. I cannot believe that I have seen him buried deep into the earth. My heart is cold. My eyes are wet with tears.

And now in the solitude of the street I think of Ying Goon, and in my thoughts there come before me many pleasant memories of bygone days. I no longer know that this is the New Year. I am only conscious of him, and I feel his presence near me. I hear his voice, and then out into the darkness, the silent shadowy night, I say, "Ying Goon," and there is a murmur like an answer from him.

Far away a firecracker explodes, and it sounds like a heavy pounding in the interior of my heart.

52 *yes*

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Although hatchet men are things of the past, the term still lingers on when one mentions a tong killer. In the olden days the hatchet men hid behind dark alleys and streets, and when the person whom they were to kill walked by, they would let go of their hatchets. Nowadays the tong killers use the modern weapons, guns and knives, but they are still call "hatchet men."

Tong wars are also a thing of the past, despite the the fact that once in awhile rumor^s would leak out that a tong war ~~was~~^{is} to start, but somehow it never does, not in these modern days. The tongs are very complicated, and they spring up everywhere, everyplace. Perhaps originally they are groups of fighting men, ready to defend the name and ~~honor~~ honor of one of their members in case he should be in trouble caused by any other tong. But nowadays the tong is something different. Everyone engaged in business belongs to one, whether he likes it or not. The membership in the tong is a sort of guarantee that no one else in the same business would cause trouble to another person dealing in the same business.

If a business concern does not belong to a tong, the chances are that other business men in the same line would do anything in their ^{power} to stop that business from being a success.

Now the Chinese are a very peculiar race of people. They do not cooperate together. and none would like to see the other be a greater sucess than he is. Jealousy is very common, and spring up everywhere, causing trouble and dis-

comfort to everyone concerned.

Perhaps that explains why the country of China, which one had a flourishing civilization, is now one of the weakest nations of the earth, if not the weakest. The north is separated from the south, the east from the west, and each section goes against each other, like four different tongs battling one another.

It is no lie to say that no cooperation exists among the Chinese. As we mentioned before in a very early piece of work one group of people would do one sort of business. Another group of would do another kind of business. And each business would hire only the people that speak the same dialect as the workers in the store. It is the same all along. If you can go down Eight Street and find a Say Yup man in a Hurn Sarn store, or a Hurn Sarn Man in a Say Yup store, then you really saw a miracle. The same attitude lingers everywhere.

Just suppose we say that a Say Yup man has been having a very prosperous business with a Chinese food store. It is the only one in the city. A Hurn Sarn man gets jealous, and says, "Why can't I start a store exactly like that." He starts to do it. The Say Yup man sees the new store being built. He is afraid that he is going to lose his business, since there are to be two stores now instead on one. He makes up his mind to wreck the other fellow before he starts. He frightens him. He tells the other fellow not to take any of his customers, and that he better not try to outsell or lower his price to grab business. The other fellow says, "Let the customers go to whatever place they like best. And if I can ^{sell} ~~see~~ my stuff

for a lower price than you can, then that's my business." We say too that the Say Yup man belongs to a tong. And the Hurn Sarn man does not belong to one. The Say Yup man would feel that he is in a better position, for he has the whole tong behind him. Threats would come the way of the Hurn Sarn man. Threats that harm would come to him and his family if he started ^S his business. But the Hurn Sarn man could not give up as easy as all that, and not fight for a chance. So as a last desperate attempt, he too would join a tong, a tong of another clan for his own protection. So to settle anything now, the two tongs get together and discuss what is to be done. Usually there is a compromise. If not, then hatchets would fall on California, like stars fell on Alabama.

As more and more people get in business, more and more tongs spring up. The tongs today usually are places of discussion to settle difficulties ^{among the} ~~between~~ people. The chances are that many business concerns get away from ^{joining} ~~joining~~ a tong. But the ^{belong to one} ~~majority~~ majority does, we think. Perhaps in the not too distant future, tongs would be things of the past.

It is a little hard to think of Whitthorne and Swan causing trouble to J. C. Penny, because ^{one} ~~on~~ of its customers happens to go into the Penny store.

Many a fist fight has happened on things less than that among the Chinese. Ah, sweet mystery of life.

But to go back to the hatchet man before we completely forget him.

And believe me, we would like to forget him too.

We have picked out two incidents that actually happened

in real life. It's the old old mistaken identity theme.

When a hatchet man goes out to kill a man, he goes out "to eat his pie." That's the term that is commonly used.

Here is the first incident from life.

A man was wanted badly by a certain tong, and he was hiding in an obscure part of the city, in an old house run by a very poor old woman. The old woman did not know that the occupant of the room was a person wanted by a tong. If she did, she would not want to rent the room at all, for one never know what the tong men might do. Well, the man hid in the attic for many days, scared and frightened, locking himself in, never venturing out into the streets. One day he got a tip that the tong hatchet man knew where he lived. And that the hatchet man was coming to "get his pie." Quickly the man moved. Now an unfortunate thing happened. That very same day another man came to the house of the old woman and desired to have a room. The old woman gave ^{the} empty room to the new occupant. Now it happened too that this innocent man knew nothing that was going on, or that the room was recently lived in by a tong man. That night the hatchet man came to the place of the old woman, and forced himself into the room of the innocent man. The innocent man ~~was~~ puzzled by the strange actions of the hatchet man.

"What do you wish?" he demanded.

"Stop your acting," the hatchet man said. He was furious because the other man was joking, acting as though he did not understand it all.

The hatchet man took out his gun, pointed it straight at the man.

The man said, "But what is all this about?" feeling afraid all of a sudden, knowing that something was wrong.

The hatchet man came forward and said, "You are the man we want. You are the one." And he named the name of the guilty man.

The innocent man screamed, "But you are wrong! I only rented the room this morning!" But the hatchet man paid no attention to him.

"You dare to lie in a time like this." He fired three shots. A body ~~was~~ slumped into the floor. And thus a pie was eaten, but the wrong pie.

The second incident happened like this.

A hatchet man was looking for the party whom he was to kill. The hatchet man was shown a picture of ^{the doomed} man. ~~he was to~~ ~~kill~~. He hid near the house of the man, but the man did not come out once, being afraid and frightened as to what might happen ~~to~~ to him. The hatchet man was told, "If you see a man wearing a ^{yellow} vest, then that is your party. There is no one wearing a vest like that." And so through the night the hatchet man watched for the yellow vest. Toward nightfall a man came out of the building, wearing the yellow vest. The hatchet man strained his eyes, and the man looked like the man in the picture. He fired his shots and ran.

The next day it was found out that the wrong man was shot. He looked something like the man in the picture, but it was not the man the tong wanted. The unfortunate man had borrowed the yellow vest, and as a result, his pie was eaten by the hatchet man.

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Mr. A is a native of Kwangtung Province, China and is forty-six years old now. He came to this country five years ago.

For many generations the family of Mr. A had engaged in farming. His family is what we call a poor farmer's family; they have no land of their own. Every year, during the first few days of the Chinese New Year, his family, as well as other peasants who have no land and do not wish to rent any from the landlords, has to bicycle to the village hall to secure a field from the "village commune".

The village communes in Kwangtung Province usually owned a certain amount of land around the village. How the lands were acquired and by what means they were acquired we do not know. These lands were supposed to be the property of the whole village. But although they are supposedly common property, which means every member of the village has a share in them, they are actually controlled by a few propertied country gentlemen in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Every year, the elder people or those who are above fifty, gather together in the village hall and elect officers to take care of the village property, the most important of which is land. In theory, every one who qualifies for a seat in the meeting has a voice in all village matters, but

in fact, the poorer and the weaker portion of the village is always dominated by the rich and the strong portion.

As a result, the village offices always fell to the wealthy class. These officers are not governmental officers, but they enjoy the right of ruling the village. They even determine such cases as refusing certain villagers to marry girls when they think it would be injurious to the prosperity of the village. They are judges of minor affairs. All disputes are to be settled by them first except those cases in which they cannot come to any decision, and these are referred to the governmental authority. They are regarded by the government as official representatives of the village and are summoned frequently by civil authority to report upon the conditions of the village. These village officers control all the properties of the village; they manage them in such a manner as to return some profits to themselves, either directly or indirectly. During the Tsing Dynasty, anyone who went to Peking to participate in the Imperial Examination would be paid by the village all his travelling expenses including those of his servants.

Even now, in a time which the Kuomintang claims is the period of successful revolution, a high school graduate receives double share in the distribution of village profits and other privileges. Of course, no sons of the pea-

sants ever have the honor to participate in the Imperial Examination in Peking or to dream of having a chance to go to high school, and yet more than ninety per cent of the population of the country is illiterate. This is only one of the injustices among thousands. As China, I mean her landlords and wealthy citizens, has been famous for the corruption of her public officials in the last four score decades, it would not be unjustified to claim that the village propertied class, the TUHO class, practiced anything which can be called the most corrupted.

Under the control and the management of the TUHO class, the lands of the village are rented to the peasants of the same village. There is no fixed rate of rent for the land is divided into numerous "fields", and is rented to the one who bids the highest rate. A day is fixed during the New Year holidays for such bidding. All peasants who want a field to cultivate for the current year must go to the village hall in person to bid for it. Rents are usually paid in advance. If the peasant has no cash in hand, he borrows it from some rich men, and of course pays a high interest for it.

It was under such circumstances that A and his grandparents rented their land from the village. And it was due to this system of enslavement that A and his ancestors were

exploited and oppressed for generations.

Imperialism knocked at the door of China, and it was the Province of Kwangtung that first came into contact with the West. Following the invasion of imperialism, commercial capitalism developed very rapidly. Side by side with the old feudalistic commerce of the village, there emerged the small business class, somewhat resembling the burgesses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in Europe. About five miles from A's village, there grew up a little town which is the trading center of that district. Because of the continuous floods and droughts, which were due to the breakdown of the old irrigation system and the neglect and misrule of the present government, the farming class became completely bankrupt. A's family met the same fate. Thousands of these bankrupt peasants now seek their livelihood in the nearby towns and cities.

At the age of eleven, A was sent to this little town near his village to learn to be a carpenter. He served as an apprentice in the first six years, and received no salary at all for the services. During the apprentice period he was cook, boy, servant, and worker of the shop. He had to get up very early, about five o'clock in the morning, and begin immediately to sweep the floor, cook the breakfast, and put everything in order. At eight, he went out to the

market to buy food for the day, and at nine he began to cook lunch. Dinner was served at five, and it was A who had to prepare it. The shop closed at nine in the evening. While other workers could go when the shop was closed, A had to remain to clean everything up and put things in order. Not infrequently, the master would like him to do a little work for his family, and the apprentice, as a rule, had no choice but to comply. After serving as apprentice for six years, A became a regular worker, leaving his old position to somebody else. As a worker, he received three dollars a month. Yet, he considered this a great opportunity and was proud of his profession, mentioning it to all his relatives and friends.

Throughout the Tsing Dynasty, there existed secret associations. They were of different natures, but most of them were anti-Manchu and were in favour of restoring the Ming Dynasty. As history progressed, these secret associations began to lose their old political element, and became the people's organizations in fighting against local magistrates and very often against the oppressions of local landlords. Somewhere around the village of A, there existed the San Ting Hui, which meant The Three Spots Society. It was claimed that this association first appeared in the beginning years of the Tsing Dynasty with the main and origi-

nal purpose of opposing secretly the rule of the Manchus, and in favour of restoring the Ming Dynasty. It was this kind of secret association which very frequently robbed the Tuho class and distributed the loot among the poor people. But we must not be confused by its outward character, for though it claimed to be the Robin Hood of the people, it was in fact controlled by shrewd leaders who made use of the association for their own profits. In spite of this treacherous nature, people flocked to it because they were so dissatisfied with the oppression of the landlords and the government magistrates that they could not even discriminate what was right.

A joined the San Ting Hui when he was twenty-two years old. Every new member had to take an oath of fidelity. They must swear to be loyal to the "BIG BROTHERS"; they must pay respect to the image of the first emperor of the Ming Dynasty; they must swear to help fellow brothers when they are in danger; they must swear to keep absolute secrecy; and they must swear not to expose any fellow brothers to the Tsing magistrates, because members of this kind of organization were bound to be killed by the Manchus.

A joined the San Ting Hui in the later days of the Tsing Dynasty. With the coming of the Republic, the San Ting Hui went out of existence. Though A was a member of

the organization for many years, he did not learn anything revolutionary from it.

The economic bankruptcy of the country became more acute every day. The farming class suffered the most, and sons of the farmers were forced to go to foreign lands to earn their living. A's family was one of those thousands of bankrupt families, so he was forced to emigrate to other lands. At this time, the World War was being carried on at full speed. Previously the Chinese had been regarded as an inferior race and thus were discriminated against by nearly all the "civilized countries" of the world. At this time, however, when human labour was so valuable to the warring countries, the inferiority of the Chinese was forgotten and they were admitted to countries desiring Chinese laborers to work for them. We thus see that economic interests preceded everything, and it is doubtful whether there would have been race superiority or inferiority had there not been economic interests involved. A. went to Mexico in 1915. He resumed his old carpenter profession, and in Mexico, during the World War, he made seven dollars a day as carpenter. From 1915 to 1926, A. lived there and earned a fair and decent living. He returned to China in 1927 and went back to Mexico the following year.

When ^{an} ~~the present~~ economic crisis ^{soon} swept over Mexico, the

capitalists aroused the sentiment among the people that it was the influx of Chinese workers that caused the Mexican workers to be unemployed. So, in 1930, there was a movement to drive the Chinese out of Mexico. Thousands of Chinese were driven out and their properties confiscated. This wave of anti-Chinese feeling has persisted until the present, and there is no sign of cessation yet. When the Chinese were driven out by thousands, some of them succeeded in crossing over to the United States. A. was one of those who came over to this country by bribing the emigration officials of the Mexican border.

Since he came to this country in 1930 A. has been working in the farms in the San Joaquin Valley, in the ranges in the Sacramento Valley and in certain Chinese groceries in San Francisco. He never earns more than forty dollars a month and has been unemployed most of the time. At present he is working in a Chinese grocery in San Francisco.

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Life in China
 The Son of a small Produce Merchant (L.A.)

MW

Although ~~Heen Weng~~ had only one purpose in mind when he came to America in 1929, that of bettering his material position in the world, he probably will make a better American citizen than many of his countrymen who have been here for a ^(much) longer period.

MW

~~Heen Weng~~ makes no secret of it. He came to America to get rich, and though he has found the way difficult he nevertheless is ^(still) cheerful and optimistic. He had had it in his mind since childhood to migrate to America. Then, when he was ~~20~~ ^{twenty} years old, he received word from an older brother in Los Angeles that he could expect a minimum of help from him in the new country, so he started out.

The young man's story is similar to the average story of the Chinese immigrant. Conditions in China were too cramped for the convenience of his ambitions, and since many another Chinese had attained success in the United States, why not take the chance? After all, the chance, in regard to failure, was not exactly great and, indeed, it would not take a very long stride of advancement to outstrip the chances he had in China.

So, from the small pay received for helping his father, a Canton produce merchant of low rank, ~~Heen Weng~~ ^{MW} saved enough to go to Hong Kong and thence come to Los Angeles. In this country he found his brother, got the lay of the land, as it were,

and started out on his own.

(He in contrast to other)
~~This~~ immigrant was not handicapped by a lack of know-
 ledge of the English language, ^{for} during his childhood years, when
 he was dreaming of his ambitions, he made it a point to learn Eng-
 lish in the progressive schools of Canton. *(And)* ^{us} this fact leads back
 to ^{Mur's} ~~Weng's~~ childhood and a ^{what} ~~discussion~~ of the factors ^(were) which have
 placed him where he is today.

Born to parents who occupied a position of ^{little} ~~small~~ security,
 it followed ^{that} ^{Mur's} ~~Weng's~~ boyhood was none too eventful. His fa-
 ther, who managed to support his family on the very small income
 of an independent produce merchant who had a stall in a public
 market, was forced to send ^{Mur} ~~Weng~~ and his brother to the school
 most suited to the family purse. The school he attended was one
 of the antiquated temple-institution schools, where students ga-
 thered daily to do a great deal of routine reading and writing
 under the tutelage of poorly-paid instructors.

The neighborhood in which ^{Mur} ~~Weng~~ lived and the neighborhood
 in which the school was located, ^{were} ~~was~~ as old as China itself, ^{however} ~~but~~
 progressive ideas of the new Chinese republic had seeped through
 and there was ^(present) a sort of boldness of thought which gave ^(them) an air of
 freedom. The children were copying ^(the) manners of those more fortu-
 nate children who attended the public schools and they were do-
 ing much to outstrip their neighbors in modernity.

On the playground, for example, ^{Mur} ~~Weng~~ engaged in American

games, such as baseball, basketball, football and other sports which had been introduced by the new ^{government} ~~rulers~~. The little boys thought in terms of becoming successful in a new economic order and many, besides ^{Mur} ~~Weng~~, determined to achieve that success even if they had to leave their homeland.

^(the) In competition with the more modern schools and on demand of pupils' parents, foreign languages were taught in the temple-school, and ^{Mur} ~~Weng~~ was one of the most enthusiastic ^(of the pupils) in his study of English. He had watched his father struggle for a livelihood as he hawked his produce in the midst of hundreds of other similar merchants and ^{he had decided} ~~his decision was~~ that the best possible move would be to get to a country where the competition was less keen. ^{It is this that made Mur} ~~so Weng became~~ one of the best English students in his group.

However, along with his study of English in ^{pursuance} fulfillment of his ^(ambition) ~~hope~~ to go to the United States, ^{Mur} ~~Weng~~ also learned the stories of old China. ^{se} They were taught to him so that he might learn his own language and also that he might ^{attain} ~~earn~~ the ^(distinction) ~~mark~~ of ^(being) a scholar. All scholars of China are steeped in the traditional legends of the land, regardless of whether they believe them or not. Thus it was that ^{Mur} ~~Weng~~ learned many whimsical tales as he sat reading aloud with the rest of his fellow pupils in the temple-school. The following story will exemplify the type of reading they did:

" ^(once) In a certain district there lived a wise man who was noted

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also for his thrift. He had saved a great amount of money through his intelligence and frugality, and one day three men came to his door seeking a loan. ^{se} The three had put their heads together with the thought that they might take a large sum of money and by careful manipulation boost it to a higher sum so that they would then be able to repay the initial loan.

The wise man listened to their petition and, ^{being} wise, told them that he would give them his decision in the morning. The three were invited to spend the night in his home and he treated them in the kindest possible manner, seeing ^(to it) that they were all comfortably lodged for the night.

Now China has a ~~legend~~ ^(saying to the effect) that if a man sleeps with his eyes open he is wicked. The wise man was familiar with this ^{saying} ~~legend~~, so he waited until his three guests were asleep. Then cautiously ^(he) went to their chamber in an endeavor to discover the true natures of the three. Two of them were sound asleep with their eyes open. The third, who also slept, had his eyes closed. The ~~wise man~~ ^{kept} ~~made a mental note of~~ ^{mind} the one honest man in his ~~memory~~ and made his decision. ^(accordingly)

In the morning he turned to the honest man and told him that he alone would be welcome to his money, and that the entire loan of three thousand dollars was his if he wanted it. The other two were sent away. But the honest man, finding himself with such a great sum in gold, told the wise man that he

(make another demand on)

would have to ~~seek further of~~ his kindness. He asked for the use of a donkey and the wise man consented so that the honest man might take the gold off to his own province beyond the mountains ^{in order} to put it to use. So he who had borrowed the money started happily on his way. But when he had come to one of the steepest of the mountain passes, the donkey, which had complacently followed behind him all the way, suddenly balked. After entreating the animal with words, the honest man set upon the beast with a stick but the animal refused to move.

"Tell me, ass, why is it that you balk here in the mountain-passes on this steep slope when already you have brought the burden over steeper inclines on our way?"

"Because, master, my debt to you is paid. I am the donkey you rescued one day in the village of the wise man when I was being beaten for not being able to carry my heavy load. You took me to your own house and let me rest until another caravan came through the village and I was able to do my work, and I feel that I have repaid your kindness by coming this far."

The honest man was ^{very much} impressed ^{by} ^{logic} ~~at~~ the calculations of the donkey, observing ^(to himself) that even an ass keeps an account of his worth. And as he pondered the animal's decision he thought about the gold. "When will I be able to repay such a large sum? ^{possibly} ~~per~~, ~~perhaps~~ I shall lose it in business?" ^(Thus he addressed) ~~he asked himself~~, and feeling that the chance was too great to take with another's money

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begged
he ~~admonished~~ the donkey to return to the wise man to tell him that he did not want the loan.

The honest man ~~instructed~~ *then told* the donkey that he would dig a hole and bury the money and that the wise man could come and get what was his. *was thus* The donkey ~~being~~ the only creature who knew its location. So the donkey returned, and the wise man smiled at the wise decision of the honest man. Knowing that the gold was in a secret place, however, and having other important things at hand, ~~the wise one~~ *he* did not go immediately to the cache.

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And so it happened that one day two lowly grasscutters went to the mountain slope to gather grass to sell in the wise man's village. They worked for a while in the heat of the sun and soon sat down to rest, and it happened that they sat on the very spot where the wise man's gold was buried. One of the grasscutters saw that the earth had recently been disturbed and began digging in the same spot, thinking that perhaps something had been buried there. It was not long until he had actually unearthed the gold and the two grasscutters rejoiced that they ~~were~~ *had suddenly become* rich. In their foolish way their first thought was to celebrate by squandering part of the money on a feast. So that no one would know of their find and perhaps claim the booty, they decided one was to go to the village to get the necessary provisions for the feast, and ~~then~~ *so* return ~~in order~~ that they might celebrate on the very spot where they had made the discovery.

So, the one who had actually found the gold, went down to the village and bought a supply of dainties and bottles of wine. But he ^{began to} ~~mumbled~~ to himself that the gold was rightfully his since he had made the discovery and, planning to take possession of the entire sum with the least possible trouble, he put poison in the food so that ^{when} ~~the other~~ ^{one ate} ~~would eat~~ it and die.

However, the other grasscutter was not asleep while his companion was in the village buying the provisions, and ~~he who had~~ ^{because he} stayed behind, planned to murder the other one outright in order to get all the money. So he hid behind a ledge of rock and when the man bearing the provisions for the feast returned, he jumped ^{upon} ~~out on~~ him and slew him. The slayer then decided that it was truly time for feasting since he had the entire find for himself, and ^{without further ado fell upon} ~~remorselessly set to eating~~ the poisoned food. ^{can eat it} He discovered the trick of the dead man too late ^{was} and ~~soon~~ died.

^{some} Now there were ravens perched in a nearby tree, and, when they saw the motionless man in the midst of the abundance of food, decided to eat some for themselves since it appeared likely that they would not be disturbed by the seemingly sleeping man. They, too, soon died from the effects of the poison.

The wise man, meantime, had ^{began to think} ~~thought~~ occasionally of going up to the mountain to reclaim his three thousand dollars. ^{Finally} and on a certain day, ^{he} ~~asked~~ the donkey to lead him to the spot. Some time had passed since the gold had been found by the grass-cutters,

and when the wise man arrived on the scene he found the skeletons of the two men ^{as well as those of} the birds. Beside one of the bodies was the bag containing his gold. ^{Thereupon} he reclaimed his money, pondering the greed of the two whose remains he found. [']

Such is ^{one of} the typical story learned by ^{Mw} ~~weng~~ in his Chinese temple-school, but ^{Mw, however, regards} ~~weng~~ takes no part of such legend as truth. He feels they were taught him merely as a part of the literature of China, as an ^{means} ~~instrument~~ of instruction in reading. ^(Indeed, this) The young man appears to be an honest and reliable person who has no superstitions and, as far as religion goes, does not even have serious leaning towards Christianity.

^{Mw} ~~weng~~ completed a course which corresponds to the American High School requirements and his outlook is sane and intelligent, ^{and he} ~~as if~~ ^{es} believing that by living up to the Golden Rule he can get st ~~more~~ out of life.

When he came to America seven years ago, he did not have to make many changes in his way of living, ^{for} since he was a baby he had worn clothes belonging ^(in style [more] to the West than to the East. [where he had lived]) In ~~his~~ neighborhood in Canton he had mingled with children whose relatives were living in America and he spoke to others who had actually been in Los Angeles. It was a very ^{correct} ~~true~~ picture he had of the ^{is} ~~the~~ country when he actually found himself ready to leave his home.

^{Mw} At 20, when he arrived, ~~weng~~ had the same idea of the Uni-

~~He was a very intelligent and reliable person who had no superstitions and, as far as religion goes, does not even have serious leaning towards Christianity.~~

ted States as he has today. He came here for success and money and is determined to get it, though it will perhaps take him longer at his present pace than others, of less expensive taste, in ^{the} his same ^(circumstances) ^{hw} position. ^{hw} ^{does like} ~~hw~~ does not seem to be extravagant, but on his day off he ~~likes~~ ^(In their company) to dress in a flashy American style and go to see his friends. ^(tries to) before ~~them~~ he acts the part of a man of the world and ~~dazzle~~ ^{tries to} them with his fashionable front. When the interviewer met him he was talking with two Chinese of his own age who were working over ironing boards.

^{hw} ~~hw~~ has no desire to return to China. ^(He) ~~hw~~ is unmarried and has no thought of taking a wife until he can well afford one. He admits that most Chinese of his age who work at menial tasks do so because they cannot ^(get anything) ~~help themselves~~ better, and that as soon as they are able to accumulate enough to go in business for themselves they ~~will~~ ^{is} do so. ^{Mw's} ~~that is hw's~~ plan, though he has no idea of what business he will enter.

He states that his brother is an independent grocery mer-
~~chant~~ ^{there is} of small means, with business so small that ~~it does not~~
^{enough} ~~afford~~ work for him. ^{hw} ~~hw~~ does not like being a servant, though
from his talk he has one of the better positions of ^{that type} ~~such work~~ in
a smart American home. He claims he saves a good part of his money
for investment in his future business and ^(he) ~~hw~~ lives for the day when
he will realize his dream.

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Yun off 148 The Son of a Fish Peddler

J

Saxey

Mr. Jan was born in 1878 in the village of Sak-Key, in the state of Canton, China. His father was a fish peddler and had a hard time earning a living for his family. Mrs Jan was the fourth child in a family of eight children. Early in his youth ^{he} Mr. Jan helped his father peddle fish, but when he became older he wanted to come over to America to try to seek his fortune. ^{Since} His savings were not enough to pay his passage, so he borrowed enough from a relative on the promise that all the money he first earned in this country would be sent back to him. [¶] He arrived in America in 1898 and went to work on a ranch. Ranch life was very different ^(from what he had been accustomed to.) and it was extremely hard work. [¶] However, Mr. Jan ^{I persisted} worked and saved his money. In a few years he had saved enough to lease a ranch of his own. [¶] ~~During this time of his life~~ ^{¶ After that} he returned to China and married. In 1910 he returned with his wife and settled on his ranch in Turlock, California. [¶] Ranching was good for a while, but Mr. Jan's wife disliked living on ^a the ranch, so he established her in the city while he stayed in Turlock. In 1911 Mrs. Jan gave birth to a child. ^{¶ Now} and although Mr. Jan's ranch made money, he wanted to live with his family. ^(50 in) In 1912 Mr. Jan sold ^{he} his ranch and moved to San Francisco. ^{using} With his savings Mr. Jan learned another trade, that of a chef. He did not like to invest his money in any business, ^{for felt} as he claimed it was too much like a

gamble. After working as a chef in San Francisco for four years,

Mr. Jan took his family back to China for a visit. He liked

traveling, so after returning from China he got a job on a boat

as a cook. After a few years on the boat, *Mr. Jan* settled down

in San Francisco, and was employed in a cigar store which manu-

factured cigars. In 1928 the cigar factory went out of business,

and since that time Mr. Jan has not worked steadily. Mr. Jan's

daughter graduated from high school three years ago and is now

the main support of the family, *and* ~~for she~~ is now employed in a

bank in Chinatown.

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to after returning from China he got a job on a boat
for years on the coast. Mr. Tan had been born
in the United States, and was employed in a cigar store which
factory owned. In 1918 the cigar factory went out of business,
and since that time Mr. Tan has not worked steadily. Mr. Tan's
daughter graduated from high school three years ago and is now
the main support of the family, for she is now employed in a

NOTES ON TONGS

Almost as soon as the Six Companies were organized and began to gain a quasi-judicial function among the Chinese in California, the more intelligent of the lower middle-class of Chinese saw that the large rich families were given a complete power over them by this organization. A small merchant, Mock Wah, who was a member of a family which had only a few members in the United States, was able to persuade other Chinese who were in a similar situation to form an organization to protect themselves against the oppression of the larger, richer families who formed the Six Companies.

One of his most effective arguments was the success of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco several years previously. The first Vigilance Committee had effectively represented the interests of the lower middle class (in its beginnings) and Mock Wah's idea was to have an organization which would do this among the Chinese. It was thus in 1852 that the first Tong, the Kwong Dock Tong, was born. Its name "Kwong Dock" meant "a broadening of the humane side of man". It managed by its hatchetmen and with its threats of physical violence not only to protect its members from oppression of the richer families but also to gain a fairly complete control of gambling and prostitution. Naturally, its success was a signal for other tongs to organize and within twenty years there were a large number of tong organizations in both San Francisco and other cities.

The competition between these tongs lead naturally to bloodshed. The first major struggle occurred in the seventies between the Kwong Dock Tong and the Suey Sing Tong. The former was defeated in the street-fighting that followed, and its loss of prestige in this fight occasioned its disappearance. In these inter-tong fights the fighting was done by professional hatchetmen and this class grew to control the

~~grow to control the~~ affairs of the tongs.

A picture of the relationship between the hatchetmen and the tongs is given by this letter of instructions from a tong to one of its hatchetmen:

"To Tum Hip, salaried soldier :

It has been said that to plan schemes and devise methods and to hold the seal is the work of the literary class, while to oppose foes, fight battles, and plant firm government is the work of the military.

Now this tong appoints salaried soldiers, to be ready to protect ourselves and assist others. This is our object.

All, therefore, who undertake the military service of this tong must obey orders and without orders you must not dare to act. If any of our brethern are suddenly molested it will be necessary for you to act with resolute will.

You shall always work to the interest of the tong and never make your office an instrument of private revenge.

When orders are given you shall advance valiantly to your assigned task. Never shrink or turn your back upon the battlefield.

When a ship arrives in port with prostitutes on board and the grandmaster issues an order for you to go down and receive them you must be punctual and use your ability for the good of the Commonwealth.

If in discharge of your duty you are slain we will undertake to pay \$500 sympathy money to your friends.

If you are wounded a doctor will be engaged to heal your wounds, and if you are laid up for any length of time

you will receive \$10 per month.

If you are maimed for life and incapacitated for work \$250 shall be paid to you, and a subscription taken to defray costs of your journey home to China.

This paper is given as proof as word of mouth may not be believed.

Furthermore, whenever you exert your strength to kill or wound enemies of this tong, and in so doing you are arrested and imprisoned, \$100 per year shall be paid to your friends during your imprisonment."

One of the main things which gave power to the tongs until fairly recent years was the fact that the vast majority of interpreters were members of tongs. As the interpreter in court was able to act as a combined judge and jury by translating the testimony of the Chinese witnesses to mean anything he wanted, the tongs were less liable to prosecution for their murders and were even able to dispose of their enemies legally by framing them and securing easy convictions. The interpreters were at one time so powerful that they, shortly before the San Francisco earthquake, formed an organization of their own, the Yang Mon Jing Moo Soo. Literally translated this means "Department of Foreign Affairs". This organization had as its avowed purpose the collection of information for authorities on Chinese vice conditions. They were able to close the gambling places and houses of prostitution with their information, but they would then immediately open these enterprises under their own ownership. Somehow the earthquake and fire with the disorganization that followed broke their control and their organization soon disappeared.

The later inter-tong struggles took on the pattern of other

11/10/40

Furthermore, whenever you want your strength to fill
the enemies of this body, and to do so you are at-
tacked and imprisoned, and you shall be held to your
strength during your imprisonment."

These references to men anything he wanted, and those who have

the long way to the 200. The following is a list of the
Department of Foreign Affairs. This department has been in the way
of the collection of information for the purpose of the Chinese
and also to show the leading classes and houses
with their information, and they would then immediately

in the organization that follows show their

NOTES ON TONGS - 4

American gangster organizations, always with the observance of certain amenities peculiar to the conservative Chinese cultural background. All of the customs of the earlier tongs--the payment of the hatchetmen with money wrapped in red paper, the ceremony of choosing assassins (described in the above interview) and many of the other customs--all survived when the hatchetmen changed their weapons from cleavers to machine-guns. One other very important rule was always observed in the fighting--no attacks were to be made on non-Chinese and the fighting was never to occur outside of the Chinese section. This rule was extremely important as the tongs knew what disastrous results would follow the accidental killing of a white man during tong warfare.

In 1913 under the sponsor ship of the Six Companies and the large merchants, a Chinese Peace Society was organized for the purpose of arbitrating jurisdictional disputes between the tongs. The settlement of these disputes was economically of extreme importance to these merchants as a tong war would always suspend business in Chinatown. In the last few years the Peace Society has spent more money to settle each tong dispute than either tong spent to win them.

The above interview gives a comprehensive picture of the pressures that force lower middle-class Chinese to join tongs. It should be noted that the same pattern may be observed in the Mafia and other organizations of like class origins.

... always with the observance of cer-
to the conservative Chinese cultural back-

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In the early days before there were many Chinese on the Islands of Hawaii a Cantonese merchant and landowner from a small village near Hongkong came there with his first wife. He traded with the natives in the interior of the islands. Both man and wife learned the native tongue. After a few years, his wife having borne him two children, the father returned to China with his family.

Establishing the first wife and children in his homeland, he returned to his Hawaiian interests, which had been left in the care of a partner. This time he was accompanied by a new wife. By this wife he had three children; two boys and a girl. After a stay of about ten years, he proceeded, as before, with his family to China. After a few years he returned again to Hawaii with a third wife. From this union came two children, both girls.

During this last stay in the islands--for he returned again to China--he decided to provide for himself and his family a more suitable home than existing in the Cantonese village. He ordered this constructed during his absence and completed before his return. An uncle residing in the village was to have charge of the building. Two sets of plans were drawn up by the uncle and sent him. One was of three distinctly private apartments, for the three wives, under a common roof. The other, of a great

house that offered complete and separate segregation of the families only in the matter of kitchens, of which there were many. The father sent instructions that the former be built. By some mischance, the latter of the many kitchens was built.

In it still reside the remaining members of the family. The father died of a fever contracted in Manila while on a business adventure. He had lived a full life.

.....

In 1892, in Hawaii, was born the first son of the second wife of this polygamous trader-merchant-adventurer, who first came to those islands from an esteemed family as a sailor aboard a rock-ballast schooner. After two years, the family returned to China. Soon the father was off again for the Islands, taking instead of what was then his family, two wives and five children, a new wife.

In the schools of the Kwangtung village there followed the first stage of the boy's education. At thirteen, by the kindness of a friend who accompanied him, he was enabled to travel steerage to Honolulu. In a hotel he found work for a few months, long enough to secure passage to San Francisco, and in May, 1906, he arrived at the shores of that city.

By means of various school-boy jobs he maintained himself. He began his American education in the public schools and later

he attended a vocational school completing his schooling by 1912. He taught English to Chinese and did well financially, though he did not permanently establish himself in the occidental world as he wished. He felt that by pursuing some sort of business this end might be gained, but he was, of course, without capital.

One day in the summer of 1915, he observed the window display of a picture frame gilder in Berkeley. He entered the shop and offered his services in any way they might be useful in exchange for an apprenticeship. Likewise he avowed his intention of practicing the craft elsewhere in order that he might not infringe upon the business of his benefactor. His offer was accepted. A natural craftsman, he was, in a short time, entrusted with the most particular of work. There was a handicraft, there was an art to it, and it was, therefore, satisfying.

He planned the following spring to begin immediately the practice of his craft in Honolulu in a fine arts store he knew of there. With a stock of frame material he could add a sideline to their art business. There was no frame-maker or gilder in the Islands. His approaching marriage to a young American born Cantonese woman, an artist, added to his desire to carry out this venture.

He laid his plans before his employer who responded with an offer of the use of his local credit to make possible the purchasing of some stock for shipment to Honolulu.

Three days after his marriage in May, he left for Honolulu, with a wife and without much money. In Honolulu, he approached the fine arts store with his proposal of entering their employ as a frame gilder and maker, furnishing his own stock. The approaching dull summer months were mentioned in their refusal. His supplies, purchased in the States on his fellow-craftsman's credit, were already on the way. By good fortune he secured a small inheritance which enabled him to pay one month's rent in a store of his own and buy a few pieces of furniture for their then bare house. The only available room for the store was much too large, for a few hundred dollars worth of frame material and a glue-pot and planer as his only tools hardly filled a corner. His resourcefulness prompted him to get objects of art on consignment and thereby more adequately stock his store. A cheap picture hastily stuck into the first frame finished (for lack of any better picture) was exhibited in the window and an immediate purchaser of the frame and picture came in. While his wife looked after the store in front, he worked in the shop in the rear. In two weeks enough money had been takenⁱⁿ/to assure payment of the second month's rent.

From the tailor shop directly across the street came the Jewish tailor, one day, desirous of the location of the shop. Three hundred dollars cash and a better and cheaper location for the art shop was the price paid by the tailor to establish a branch of the tailor shop, a diamond palace, on the site of the

art shop. The picture-gilder was located thereafter in a building that had previously (before the aid of the ^{taylor's} Jew's influence) been restricted to him.

In 1918 a son was born, and two years later homesickness for San Francisco brought about the families return. The Hawaiian business had netted three thousand dollars.

They first lived in Berkeley. Soon, however, he got the idea that a so-called merchant's lunch of fried won ton buns and other Chinese food, if served in the heart of downtown, San Francisco, not far from Union Square, might be a pleasant and remunerative venture. A grand opening for the café introduced a successful business in spite of its novelty for occidentals, and prospered for some time. During this time his wife carried on her study and practice of art as well as helping with the café. Eventually he found it necessary to change the diet of his customers; they liked the place but the menu was too limited. So American dishes were added. The patrons grew in number and necessitated larger quarters for the café. The character of the new place was much the same as the old. There was an atmosphere here sympathetic to the artist and creative worker; writers, and painters, musicians, /various craftsmen were habitués. In a daily newspaper column listing interesting places in San Francisco it was among the "BOhemian Restaurants."

His wife, now seldom needed in the dining room, devoted her time seriously to art. She became a designer for a large importing company, a department store, and her paintings were often hung in group exhibitions.

He tired of this occupation in a few years, for although it created a haven for artists and craftsmen, it offered him no expression of his own in similar work. When he offered the place for sale, his real estate agents, two American women, attempted to provoke restlessness in him by numerous stories of half closed sales that could not be closed because of various faults in the place. Eventually he became impatient and accepted the agents' offer to buy it themselves at half his price. They operated the cafe for a time and then disposed of it to the present owner--a woman who, unbeknown to him, had tried unsuccessfully to buy it from him through the agents.

He opened a small store in Berkeley and dealt in Chinese candies. His son was being educated in both the American and Chinese schools; his wife became increasingly successful with her art and devoted more and more time to painting. Placing the Berkeley store under the care of a trustworthy and competent Hawaiian-born Chinese woman, he occupied himself as buyer for a Chinese importing company in San Francisco. The candy store profits were small, so eventually he discontinued it.

Numerous requests from friends and former patrons brought him to re-open the cafe in a new location under the old name-- a right he had reserved at the time of sale. At the death of his wife shortly afterwards he closed it down.

The following, while expressed in the first person, is not a literal quotation but is intended to express in the best manner the attitude and feeling of this man toward his life and work here in his adopted country and to give a true picture of his contributions to our western culture. It is a quotation of fact, not of words.

By 1927 I was concentrating all my efforts on art. My son, at that time nine years old, found art to be the most interesting thing in study and work. I had placed him under the care of a family, the father of which was a competent artist and of sound enough sense to let the boy alone and not try to inflict upon him his own beliefs and practices. Within a year some of my son's work which appeared in a juvenile show in San Francisco, attracted considerable attention and was acclaimed generally by those critics who saw it. This made me happy as have all his achievements, because it has been my hope that he will tell a story of interest to his contemporaries and successors. I am sure he has something to say with his art. He is the product of the East and the West. In his work his subjects are all modern occidental; for him to draw upon the material oriental work which he has never

seen would be insincerity, and he feels it. But for his concepts he draws both upon his inheritance from the Orient and the Occident in which he has always lived. He is a fusion of the two and, I think, sees our world a little differently than we do.

In order to provide for us two I have naturally had to commercialize my work to some extent. Commercialization of creative expression can mean but one thing--you know the answer--stagnation. So I have commercialized only part of my work, the reproduction of my designs and manufacture of the product itself. The creation of designs I never do under the pressure of commercial production. I set aside a part of the year for making my designs, and during that time I live quietly and leisurely. Routine work of reproduction of these designs, which calls only for the craftsman's skill in accuracy, I sometimes do under the same high tension that people usually work under when conducting business. Such pressure upon craftsmanship is bad, I know, but not as devastating as upon designing.

I do not say I do not work hard at creative work. At times, when I am working on designs, I work incessantly. But I do not do such work when I am involved in sales campaigns or faced with deadlines of production schedules. During the dull season I dispose of all business and devote my energy to creative work away from the scene of business. I go elsewhere in this

country or to Europe or Mexico, depending mostly upon my pocket-book and the money exchange. I do not go to the Orient to work, for it would confuse me. My oriental background was formed in my youth. What it grew to be and what I have obtained from the occidental world I am, and from there emanates my work. To go back and try to absorb oriental culture and capitalize on it, I would consider insincere. A wholly oriental life is foreign to me. I live in the occidental world because I feel it to be my home, and I express myself for it.

[illegible]

I O E I

Beginning his life in America at a time when conditions were far different from those which lured his father to this country, Tom represents a youth who was thwarted in his business career by an economic depression.

Tom, who is forty-six years old, has lived in America for the past thirty years. He came here with his parents at the age of sixteen and in the years which followed has shown a splendid aptitude for adapting himself to his new environment. He had received his preliminary education in Canton, and when he arrived in San Francisco he decided to enter the University of Southern California. As a student, however, he showed little interest in his studies, for as he watched his father's progress in the restaurant business he decided to adopt that method of making his way in America.

After two years at the University he persuaded his father to give him a place in his restaurant. He proved his enthusiasm for that type of work by later setting himself up in a place of his own, which thrived during the boom years. But when San Francisco began to feel the effects of the national depression he found that people could no longer afford to indulge themselves in the novelty of Chinese dishes prepared by his excellent chefs. He did not like to feel himself other than a restaurateur, and continued in business until absolute failure forced him to close his doors.

When he later sought employment Tom began to sense the value of his university training, and in a short while was

given a position as clerk to a Chinese lawyer, and has continued in that capacity to the present.

He has developed into a type not unlike an American youth of the same training. He finds his amusements in the movies, in night clubs where smart young Chinese are permitted, and other places where fun is maximum, thinking, minimum.

He has become completely Americanized, and has no desire to return to China. Although he says he has no religious preferences, he attends a Presbyterian church regularly. He makes no claim to a cultural life, and is content with a hum-drum existence, so long as he cannot see himself clear to devote his time to the restaurant business, his first and only economic love.

Nothing of Chinese culture seems to have remained in his make-up, although he received instructions in the classics of that country. He is destined to a life of average existence in a country which will eventually absorb his kind and shape it into a new identity.

111

M is over seventy years of age, and looks it. He has been in the United States for over fifty years, spending most of those years in Placer County working as a laborer in the mines. He has done a great deal of prospecting for himself as well. At no time did he make any great sum of money, and during all of the years drifted around from place to place barely managing to scrape out a living.

During the past few years he has been in San Francisco, sometimes working, more often not, making a scanty living. He worked at the waterfront frequently, visited the community kitchen where he would get a meal once in a while, and slept also at relief houses for several weeks. He would also go to his countrymen in Chinatown who would often help him.

In the fifty-odd years he has been in this country he has picked up enough English to satisfy his few daily needs for intercourse with English-speaking peoples. In this time he has learend, however, that when he cannot find any shelter for the night he can roam the streets adjacent to any police station, and thus secure a good night's sleep and several meals. He has no criminal tendencies and harms no one; with him his jail record is a case of necessity.

M is willing to do a hard day's work, but is seldom able to find need of his services, which are limited by age. He plans to go, some day, to the interior, where he might find work in the fruit orchards, and at least see new faces.



1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem.

2. In the second part, we shall consider the case of a single particle.

3. The third part is devoted to the case of a system of particles.

4. In the fourth part, we shall discuss the results of our calculations.

5. The fifth part is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results.

6. In the sixth part, we shall discuss the conclusions of our work.

7. The seventh part is devoted to a discussion of the prospects of our work.

8. In the eighth part, we shall discuss the results of our calculations.

9. The ninth part is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results.

10. In the tenth part, we shall discuss the conclusions of our work.

11. The eleventh part is devoted to a discussion of the prospects of our work.

12. In the twelfth part, we shall discuss the results of our calculations.

13. The thirteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results.

14. In the fourteenth part, we shall discuss the conclusions of our work.

15. The fifteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the prospects of our work.

16. In the sixteenth part, we shall discuss the results of our calculations.

17. The seventeenth part is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results.

18. In the eighteenth part, we shall discuss the conclusions of our work.

19. The nineteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the prospects of our work.

20. In the twentieth part, we shall discuss the results of our calculations.

21. The twenty-first part is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results.

22. In the twenty-second part, we shall discuss the conclusions of our work.

23. The twenty-third part is devoted to a discussion of the prospects of our work.

24. In the twenty-fourth part, we shall discuss the results of our calculations.

25. The twenty-fifth part is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results.

26. In the twenty-sixth part, we shall discuss the conclusions of our work.

27. The twenty-seventh part is devoted to a discussion of the prospects of our work.

28. In the twenty-eighth part, we shall discuss the results of our calculations.

29. The twenty-ninth part is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results.

30. In the thirtieth part, we shall discuss the conclusions of our work.

Miss L. was born in the city of San Francisco in 1915. She was the oldest daughter of a family of six children, consisting of three boys and three girls. Her father was a worker throughout his early life, but later he managed to accumulate some of his earnings and become a work-partner in a meat market in San Francisco's Chinatown. After that, he helped to establish a dry-goods store in Watsonville, California.

In 1923 Miss L.'s father took the whole family back to China. His main reason for this was that he was suffering an illness in his legs and he hoped that the weather in South China might help to cure him. Another reason was that he was economically well-to-do, and was willing to retire from business.

When the family returned to China Miss L. was about eight years old. Since she was the daughter of a rich man she had the opportunity of entering a public school in her native village. But she still remembered, and liked all the more, those two years she had spent at school in America.

While in China her father built a house in the village. He had made many private loans and lost a considerable sum in poor business investments. He was out of cash again. There was no improvement in the condition of his feet. The daily expenses of the family grew heavier, until finally the father looked forward to returning to the United States.

During her stay in China Miss L. associated often with children of the village poor and the neighborhood peasants.

Although her father was rather wealthy at first, he did not remain aloof from the rest of the village. He employed not a single domestic servant. Miss L.'s mother was the one who bore the weight of the entire household work. Unlike many Americans returning to China, they did not buy a single bit of land; that had a distaste for farming. The rice they used was bought at the market, and Miss L. and her sister usually made their own rice-flour on a grinding-stone. Living in the midst of completely peasant surroundings, Miss L. began to acquire a little knowledge about farming. She was too young then actually to sense the tremendous sufferings of the peasants, but she did notice the widespread poverty.

When at last they returned to the United States there were not the prosperous years they had expected. Her father was engaged again in a poultry and meat business, but the income barely afforded them a subsistence. Miss L. and her mother had to work in a needle trade shop to keep the family housed and fed. Two years later a brother was born. Her father was growing older and weaker. The old sickness of the feet bothered him again. The depression was having tragic effects on the family. At length, in the year 1932, her father and mother, together with the younger children, returned again to China, leaving in the United States the two eldest girls of the family.

Miss L. and her sister wanted to stay in this country, and planned to work their way through school. To them, there

~~there~~ seemed to be a better chance to achieve their aims in this country. A girl could not find part-time employment in China, and even less could she expect to obtain a higher education in China in that manner. They both worked at the Chinese-owned needle trade shop after school hours. Because they were under the care of their aunt, board and room were provided, and they got along comfortably. Both girls looked forward to a college education and a successful ^{future}. Miss L. wanted to be a bacteriologist; her sister dreamed of being a lawyer or a statesman.

In the year 1933 came Miss L.'s first grief. Her sister died rather suddenly. The cause of her death was a boil on the forehead, which would not have had such a deadly effect had it not been for the fact that even when she was sick she was compelled to work; as a result she developed a fever, and the poison from the boil entered her brain. Miss L. employed the best surgeons available for the operation; it was of no avail, and left behind a debt of six hundred dollars. She was forced to leave school and started to work full-time in the needle trade shop.

With her dreams of a higher education crushed by the heavy debt, and with the grief for her sister's death still present, Miss L. soon found a third grievance, namely, the conditions of work in her shop. She had never before known the sufferings of a wage-earner. Now she saw and felt the sufferings for herself. She deplored the depression, because it caused her and

her family to part, and later on took the life of her sister.

When the New Deal came, she did not feel relieved at all. There was a code adopted for the garment industry, but to the workers these codes were things of evil: workers were lured to fight for their enforcement, but these codes did not in turn offer any real protection.

But later Miss L. thought that if the workers themselves would organize into a union they should be able to force some concessions on the part of the employers. One should not even expect the government to be impartial, and even less to be on the side of the workers. She did not confine this opinion to herself alone, but told it to every worker in the shop ready to listen. Following her lead, the workers in the shop began to resist the intolerable conditions. Her guardian was a friend to the bosses of the needle trade shop, and greatly deplored her action; eventually she brought action against her and Miss L. was fired.

After this she became conscious of her position as a worker, and at the age of nineteen managed to be black-listed by the entire needle trade industry because of her labor organizing. On "Bloody Wednesday", the Thirtieth of May, 1934, she was in the front ranks of the youth demonstration against class injustice throughout the entire period of massacre. She dodged the clubs and the hoofs of the police horses. And as in so many other cases, the years of depression and crisis deprived her of the opportunities of youth, and like so many others, she was hammered into a fighter.

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2x The Son of a Peasant

Kwantung

(B was)
Born in a little village of Sun Wui District in Kwong Tung province, in ~~1885~~ (1885) of poor parentage, ~~He~~ B. came to the United States while yet an infant. In 1889, when he was only four years of age, his father decided to come to America, since that country was said to offer better opportunities.

For twelve years, while his father worked as a laundryman, B. attended Chinese school and the education he had then stood him in good stead in later life. During those years, he ~~had been able to assimilate~~ ^{was taught enough to understand the Chinese} the classics.

In 1901, when he was but sixteen years of age, his father was taken ill and since ^{it was clear that} the end was inevitable, B. accompanied his ^{him} father back to China. Once more settled in their native village, ^{his} the parent lingered for a year and ^{then} finally passed away. Always poor, the family, at the passing of the head of the household, was placed ⁱⁿ under straitened circumstances. Mother and son struggled on for about six months, ^{that} during which time it was arranged ^{for} that friends ^{to} care for ^{his} the mother while B. returned to America to seek his fortune.

^{when B. Now B} The moment after he set foot on Chinese soil, in spite of the poor and inconvenient living conditions here ^{had been} in the early days, B. was dissatisfied with the horrible

from the moment he had set foot on it again and this despite the poor and inconvenient living conditions which prevailed in California in those days.

conditions he found in China. He ^{had} did not, he said, ^(really) remember ^{ed much} anything about life in China, and had not thought that it ^W could be worse there than in California. A house here in California at least had windows for fresh air, ^{even} although the beds were like those in China, nothing but boards matted with blankets. ^(this) The year and a half he spent in China were almost unendurable, ~~for~~ living seemed so hard and difficult. The ^{lot} conditions of the people of the village were no better ^{that} than the lot of animals, so poorly did they live.

After arrangements for ^(providing for) his mother ^(had been) were made, B, ~~came~~ ^{set out} ^(arriving there some time) back in the latter part of 1902, and arrived before the close of the year. It did not take ^(him) long to get a job, ~~for~~ ^(then permitted) in then the one occupation ^(namely) conceded to the Chinese, ~~was~~ laundry work. He worked in one of the many Chinese laundries, and every three months was able to send some money home for his mother's support. The mother, however, did not long survive the father, ^{and} ~~for~~ she died a year later. B, owing to the poor mail system in Chinese villages, did not know of her passing until three months later, and ^(he) contrary to the old custom, ~~did~~ not return immediately to visit his mother's last resting place, ^(He felt) because there was nothing to be gained by his return.

Finding no other job available, B, worked in the laundry until 1910 when he obtained a job as a farm-hand.

Owing to his indoor work ^{of} in his previous occupation, however, he found the outdoor life ^(too) arduous and not to his taste, so he took up laundry work once more ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ until 1920 ~~when~~ a golden opportunity came to him. He got a good position as a teacher in one of the largest Chinese schools in Chinatown.

Teaching and other work proved to be rather profitable and, after four years, he was able to marry an American born girl. His wife, orphaned at an early age, was raised by some kind American friends. Two sons were born of this union. [¶] After his marriage he gave up teaching and became a waiter. From ^{then} ~~here~~ on, his fortunes ^{waxed} ~~became worse~~. From waiting on tables, he drifted to cooking and supported his family ^(in this way) until 1930, when his health broke down. Sickness took whatever money they had saved up, and for the past four years they have been on relief. [¶] During the depression, his wife had been able to get a little work here and there, but it was not enough to keep body and soul together. In spite of his weakened condition, he ^(continued) ~~went~~ in a futile search for work, ~~but~~ no one was hiring, they were letting men off. Existence during the past four years ⁽¹⁹³⁷⁾ has been a severe trial; it ^(has) ~~seemed~~ a hell on earth. He has not fully recovered from his sickness and has lost forty pounds in weight. He has ^{at the present time} a

light janitorial job which does not pay enough to make him,
as ^{would} he like~~s~~, independent.

He does not know what the future holds in store for
him, but he has no plan ^{for} to return ^{ing} to China. He has no ^{relative} one
in that country. ~~and~~ his own family is here, so there is no
reason for him to want to go back.

Life on a Chinese River-boat

W, was born in Canton, China in 1898. He came to San Francisco at the age of 17, about 1915. At present he works in a hotel in the capacity of second cook. He has been working there for the last six years and started as dishwasher and kitchen helper. He expects to go into the restaurant business in the near future in partnership with a cousin.

if that!
This cousin in question advanced the money for his passage to San Francisco ^{on} ~~under the~~ condition that he work for two years without pay in order to make up for his passage expenses. His cousin at that time was the owner of a fish market on Grant Ave. He had ~~been attending~~ ^{at} public school for four years. ~~He is~~ ^{and was} very much interested in plants and ^{hopes} expects at some future date to take up the study of botany. He likes the American customs and ^{me} standard of living which are so different from the Chinese. He ~~doesn't think~~ ^{no thought} of returning to China, ^{and} but if ^(at any) ^(he) a time should come ^{have} that he had to leave California it would be with much reluctance because he has grown to be very fond of this country, after these many years of residence, (His one regret is that the United States does not grant to China the same rights and privileges she extends to European nations. (in China)

"My people," he says, "are poor and live in a houseboat. My father had ^s no special trade, but he used to work as laborer, breaking stones and carrying bricks and doing all sorts of menial work.

"They very seldom leave their houseboats unless hard pressed through necessity. Thousands of Chinese are too poor to live on the shore. The average farmer in China can support a family of five or six on two acres of land but this is too great an investment for many of the people. The pressure of population, as well as

extreme poverty, caused thousands to take to boats which are used as living quarters, rather than as means of transportation.

"Thousands of these houseboats swarm the harbor of Canton. From sunrise to sunset the restless activities of small craft of innumerable types, ply between ship and shore or distribute produce and passengers to neighboring islands. In 1920 there were 84,000 boats, representing 350,000 people in Canton, but a terrible flood destroyed thousands of the boats and many were swept out to sea. ^{Perhaps} ~~Probably~~ 200,000 would more nearly represent the city's boat population today.

"Thousands of these boat dwellers are born ~~and~~ reared, marry, ~~eventually die,~~ bring up families and ~~finally breathe their last~~ afloat. They have known no other life and they love their boats. The ^{se} boat-dwellers eat very frugally. Their daily food consists of red rice (the cheapest kind of rice obtainable), salted fish, bits of meat and vegetables. ^{market!} ~~The are numerous so-called~~ ^{who sell nothing but} ~~Cook boats are everywhere and the principal object of sale is always~~ food. ^{However}

"^(there) The average small floating home is built for the passenger trade. In the center, is a cabin about ten feet long and six feet wide, where perhaps six or seven passengers may sleep. There are sliding door partitions separating passengers' quarters in front and the boatmen in the rear. To relieve the monotony of a long day's work which begins before dawn and lasts until after sunset, the boatmen will chant hour after hour as they tow their craft. Sometimes, in the early dawn, when the mists are rising and no life can be seen, it is a wonderful experience to hear in the near distance along the shore of a canal or a river, a body of from twenty to fifty men chanting as they pull on the towline." ^{He} Keeping house on a Chinese

... rather than as means of transportation.

... of these houseboats await the harbor of Canton.

From sunrise to sunset the restless activities of small craft of

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... to the harbor...

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... no other life and they love their boats. The boat-dwellers

eat very frugally. Their daily food consists of rice (the staple)

...

...

...

... the average small floating home is built for the passenger

... In the center is a cabin about ten feet long and six feet

wide, where perhaps six or seven passengers may sleep. There are

sliding door partitions separating passengers' quarters in front

the boatmen in the rear. To relieve the monotony of a long day's

work which begins before dawn and lasts until after sunset, the

men will chant hour after hour as they tow their craft. Sometimes

in the early dawn, when the mists are rising and no life can be

it is a wonderful experience to hear in the near distance along the

shore of a canal or a river, a body of from twenty to fifty men

chanting as they pull on the towline. Keeping house on a Chinese

river (for instance)
boat has its compensations. In Canton a wife does not send her husband to market as she might elsewhere. Market boats come to the gunwale of her home, selling rice, vegetables, clothing, medical supplies and trinkets to satisfy her vanity. Cooking is simple, dishwashing is hardly to be thought of, and household duties consist of sewing and mending and calling one's husband to mop the deck.

Another thing.
Concubinage is practically unknown to the boat life of China. In arranging a marriage ~~forming matrimonial engagements~~ the initiative is taken by the family to which the boy or young man belongs. The negotiations may be direct or through a "go-between", generally a woman, ^{whose} ~~who makes this~~ (this is) her profession. If the girl's parents entertain the proposal, they (incidentally) ~~may~~ ^{will then} consult a fortune-teller. In Chinese family life, there is a

fairly clear division of authority, so that many unnecessary quarrels are prevented. ⁶ The Dragon ~~bee~~ ^{boat} festival, ~~in China~~ ^{That is a wonderful} is quite a sight. Usually there are two clans which compete with each other in a test of speed. Hundreds of attendant boats (swarm around) are gaily decorated, the crowds in holiday attire, watch the races and join in the celebration by holding feasts on the following day. In addition to their ordinary cargoes and passengers, Chinese boats annually transport a vast army of travellers who make trips at certain seasons of the year to the Buddhist temples.

"Fishing is ~~one of~~ ^{main} the ~~great~~ occupations of boat-dwellers. For summer fishing the boatmen have recourse to thousands of icehouses along the coast. These are deep excavations, with the earth piled high on all four sides and covered with a thick roof of straw. Sea-going fishing junks fill their holds with ice from these stone houses and in the heat of summer go out for a week's cruise. Per-

"One of the compensations of river-life. That is a wonderful sight."

...in Canton a wife does not send her
...of sewing and mending and calling one's husband to mop the desk.
...the initiative is taken by the
...family to which the boy or young man belongs. The negotiations
...of the girl's parents concerning the proposal.
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...summer fishing the fishermen have recourse to thousands of boats
...along the coast. There are deep excavations, with the earth piled
...high on all four sides and covered with a thick roof of straw.
...in the best of summer go out for a week's cruise.

haps the most unusual method of catching fish in China is ^(that of) the employment ^{ing} of the fishing dike, ^a which is several miles long, with a succession of sharp zigzag curves, their ^{apices} ~~apexes~~ pointing out to the sea. At each apex is a sieve. The high tides go over the dikes and ^(ing) cover vast areas of beach behind them and ^(then) when the waters recede sufficiently, the impounded flood is filtered through the sieves and ^{thus} immense quantities of fish are caught. The fishermen go out every twelve hours with their wheelbarrows to the sieves and shovel up the waiting fish which are sold to boatmen to be transported to the markets.

^{China} ^(a) ^(land) "The land is very fertile and rich in natural resources. Indeed, there is no country which is more favorably situated than in ^(where the conditions) almost any other part of the world for the production of agricultural ^(goods are more favorable) products. In going about the streets of the cities and in the country districts of China one is impressed with the fact that the economic basis of Chinese life is ^{agriculture} vegetable rather than ~~mineral or husbandry~~. Even ^(for instance, make) ^(here) animals, that is, the things which we ~~construct~~ ^(take) of metals are for the most part ~~in China~~ made of some vegetable material. ^(This) For example, the fork which is used for the purpose of pitching hay, is a three pronged implement made by training a tree so that there will be three main branches. ^(there) The other branches are lopped off and the fork is cut, and ^(your pitch-fork ready) you have the thing for use. An iron or steel pitchfork is ^(anywhere) not to be found on a Chinese farm. In the same way the rakes which are used in China are made ^(not of metal but) of bamboo, split, twisted and bent so that the teeth will rake up what is required.

"The streets are very narrow. The stores and shops are decorated with flags and paper lanterns of many colors, ^(making) thus ~~obscure~~ the streets, ^(dark) in broad daylight and ^(giving everything a more ... appearance) ~~render a somber aspect~~.

case sufficiently the impounded flood is filtered through the strata
and immense quantities of fish are caught. The fishermen go out
every twelve hours with their wheelbarrows to the sluices and show
up the waiting fish which are sold to boatmen to be transported

"The land is very fertile and rich in natural resources. In

the districts of China one is impressed with the fact that the so-

cial basis of Chinese life is the family. The family is the
unit of the things which we call civilization. It is the
basis of the things which we call civilization.

the fork which is used for the purpose of picking up is a three-
pronged implement made by twisting a tree so that there will be

these ferns. In the same way the rain is
of bamboo, apple, etc.

(However, all in all,)

"The life of a boatman is a sad one and I can never fall back
on ^{again} that mode of living ^{one's} now. It is unthinkable, pushing its way
through a life ^(by the) of cruel toil ~~that~~ entails."

yes 9/8 1948 A Member of a Tong
Ming and The Tongs
Ming

Lu is a member of a powerful Chinese Tong in San Francisco. Why he joined this organization he himself does not quite understand. He became a member when he was twenty years old. It is an integral part of his life history, although he came to this country when the tongs were already on the road to decline, when Chinese seldom threw hatchets at one another anymore ^{and} when the surprise shootings were becoming rarer ^(and rarer). ^(had been) ^(of various kinds) Ming ~~Lu~~ was forced by pressure to join the tong. He operated a restaurant in a small town near the Sacramento Valley. The valley was ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ the sphere of influence of a powerful tong. At first he remained indifferent toward the whole matter. After all, he reasoned, he was running a respectable business, and there was little need of protection.

Mh. ^{Mah} A year later, he went into partnership with a friend, ~~named~~ ^{He} who belonged to no tong, but was a member of a very powerful family which controlled many important organizations in the coastal cities. After a year of partnership ^{Ming} ~~Lu~~ found that ^{Mah} ~~Lu~~ had not been honest ^(in keeping) with the accounts ^(and the books showed) there was a great deficit ~~in the books~~. He was asked to pay six hundred dollars to cover his part of the deficit. ^(how) He knew that he had been cheated, ^(so he) and ^{to} decided to take the case before an American court of justice. ^{(He was warned, however, not to risk his life by taking such action, and} ^(whole matter adjudicated by a) he was told that he must ~~solve~~ have the problem through some Chinese arbitration body. But what ^(would Ming have then?) chance ^(Mah) had Lu? He was literally a no body, while ^{that is} ~~he~~ was a man "with a big word carved on his forehead", ^(meaning) that he had

important connections with the tongs and other ruling ~~but~~ organizations.
~~himself~~ ^{Ming} clearly realized ^{he was thus in and that} the only thing
left for him to do was to join one of the opposite tongs
and with ^{this} such backing fortify himself against this ^(and further acts of) injust-
ice.

"But didn't you know once you got into this kind of
trap you would never be able to get yourself out until it
was too late?" ^{Ming} replied in no uncertain terms: "Yes, for
the sake of saving a few hundred dollars I have imposed ~~up~~

^{(upon} ~~on~~ myself a much heavier burden."

^{at was of course quite} This is true, for once he relied on the tong, he was unable
^(make the slightest step) ^(As he himself said,)
not able to ~~get going one iota~~ without it. "When you rely

on a tong to solve a dispute, you can't help making enemies,
^(then) and the minute you are without ^(its protection) ~~it~~, your enemies will avenge

themselves on you. It is the same as with American gangsters.

there is no way for you to ^(get out) ~~quit~~. Not only ^(your enemies would will)
^{seize} take the opportunity to make you pay but the very tong ^(you of which)
^{are} ~~were~~ a member of ^{will} ~~would~~ make it very difficult for you to

'resign'.

^(require) ^(of money) ^(your)
"It does not ~~take~~ a great amount to pay for initiation
^(In fact) into a tong, only a few dollars. However, it costs hundreds
to get out. ^(when) In answering a request for withdrawal, the tong
merely sends a bill of hundreds of dollars ^(to you), claiming that
you owe ^{this} ~~such an~~ amount to the organization. Either this sum
is paid, or else you must refrain from any further business
^{transactions} dealings."

However

~~Many~~ again, it is not easy for one to remain in the tong.

~~For~~ put it in the following manner: "Once you belong to a particular tong, you are responsible for the actions of thousands of your tong brothers, and this is not a simple matter. You

^(for instance, that) know, among your fellow tong men, there are people of ~~all~~, all shades and colors, and ^(that) a great many who belong to the under-

world. It ^{is} ~~was~~ not infrequent that hot-headed tong men would ^{dispute} ~~to~~ draw their pistols and shed blood over a simple argument, or

over a single harsh word. And it ^{far} ~~was~~ too often that ~~people~~ ^{individuals} ~~with~~ ^{will} powerful backing would try to take advantage of the others

over a woman, an opium deal, or a gambling squabble. In any

case ^(all this) ~~the~~ meant warfare. The higher-ups ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ a tong, ^{naturally} of course,

^(need not) ~~have~~ ~~no~~ fear. They are rich, and able to buy security. ^(But persons like myself) ~~we~~ are

the small men, and thus are always open to the attack ^{from some} ~~of the~~

enemy. ^(for example,) During the past years, I have been forced to close up

my place and leave town many times. This means great losses ^{for me}

and ^(at times) ~~often it~~ means bankruptcy. But that was ~~far from being~~ ^{not all,}

~~the limit,~~ for the after-effects of a tong war ^{are} ~~is~~ even more

terrifying. ~~Hundreds of~~ Thousands of dollars have to be spent

for attorney fees, court expenses, in order to obtain the

freedom of those tong fighters who have been arrested for mur-

der. Other thousands are spent for carrying on the warfare,

and every tong member must pay part of this bill. If you are

unable to pay such a bill, then you owe a debt to the tong,

and you ^{had better} ~~must~~ pay your debt to the tong if you value your life

at all."

"Who are the chief beneficiaries in a tong, then?"

"Why, who else would be if not the kings of the gambling houses and of the white-slavery establishments. They are the ones who depend chiefly on force and violence to maintain their easy-money-making enterprises. *(creation of Old China)*

creation "The organizations of such tongs is not a ~~Chinese~~ ~~pro-~~
~~duct~~, that is the *strange* ~~funny~~ part of it," continued *Ming* Ed. "Like the famous Chop Suey, it was born in this country. I am sure that if I ~~did~~ *had* not come to this country I would never have had to join such an organization."

II *Ming gave a description of* *II*
~~he described~~ one of his exciting experiences: "It was in 1924, I believe, or maybe a year later or earlier, *when,* one day in ~~the~~ summer, ~~when~~ I was called to a meeting of the high council of the tong. A tong-war was in the making. In the center of ~~a~~ *the* richly decorated ~~tong~~ headquarters, *(stood)* a long table, ~~was~~ placed. The altar in front of *'Kuan-kong'*, a Chinese heroic god, was ~~fully~~ *completely* lighted ~~with~~ *and had* an unusual number of candles. The elders of the tong, together with the fighters of the tong, sat ~~solemnly~~ *at* *(with solemn faces)* the long table. Scores of pistols were dazzling in the center of the table. Beside them were some photos and a set of *(for fortune-telling)* ~~fortune~~ sticks. There was really little mystery about the proceedings. The leaders went about their business *calmly* *(with)* ~~with~~ calm but grim faces. First, all the fighters were put under oath. To each a pistol was assigned, together with twenty dollars in cash. Then the names of the victims were read. *II* Heading the list were the prominent members of the opposite tong. When a name was called out, the fighters would

(one of the sticks.)

go to the ~~fortune~~ sticks and draw out the ~~lucky~~ sticks. The
one getting ^a the lucky stick would ^(accept the responsibility for getting) be responsible to ~~get~~ his
victim ^(and doing so) the best way he knew how. The tong would give him as-
sistance, of course. He would be given much information, a
photo of the victim, and ^(amount of the) added travelling expenses, the ~~lat-~~
ter depending on the whereabouts of the victim. For a prom-
inent enemy there would often be a reward as high as a thous-
and dollars, plus a lot of glory.

"After this the whole gathering retired. Communication
was maintained through telephones and telegrams up until the
outbreak. I agreed to share part of the expenses and take on
another assignment. ")

11/11/11

Dear Mr. [Name]
I am writing to you regarding the [Topic]
[Text]
[Text]
[Text]

Yours faithfully,
[Signature]
[Text]

The Son of a wealthy Merchant

HISTORY OF LEW SING KAI, MERCHANT

A fat, sour old man is ^{LK}~~Lew Sing Kai~~, who lives in a small world of his own, resentful of anything that intrudes on his antiquated manner of thinking and acting. He is intrinsically Chinese in all he does, having never discovered anything worthwhile in the American manner of living to the extent that he would adopt it for his own use.

^{LK}~~Lew Sing Kai~~ was born in the Toy Sun District, Kwangtung (Canton) Province, ~~Canton~~, China, in 1866, and grew to maturity there in an atmosphere which strictly held to the ancient customs and traditions of his ancestors. It is true that about him there were signs of change, but ^{LK's}~~Lew's~~ family conformed to the ways of ancient China and the influence of this conformity has had a decided influence in shaping his character.

His father, ^{OB}~~Oy Bel~~, was an established Chinese merchant who dealt in mercantile products of his country and ^{LK}~~Lew~~ was trained to take over the business, or, at least, to have a hand in it, when he grew to manhood. His three brothers, likewise, were so trained, all living under the parental roof until they were old enough to enter business. The business was not a very great enterprise, but corresponded to a moderately established American firm in wholesale trade.

^{LK's}~~Lew's~~ home was located in the densely populated section of the large village, ^{Now}~~and~~ the word village is not to be confused

with the same term which designates a small settlement of families in America. A village in China can mean any settlement of from a few hundred to at least ^{ten thousand} ~~a half-million~~ persons.

The ^(use in which he lived) ~~home~~ was a typical Chinese residence, made of concrete and ~~in plan~~ laid out like a typical California bungalow court. Of course there was a marked difference in architecture, but the plan of construction was the same, except that the various quarters were more compact and closer together. In these individual sections of the building various branches of the family had their residences.

^{LX} ~~He~~ attended a school established by the elders of the village. It had been organized by leaders in various sections of the large settlement, and the fathers of the children who attended maintained its operation. It was true to the Chinese plan of education, and children learned by reading aloud in unison. ~~as~~ Individual instruction was not a part of the system.

The mere essentials of learning were taught in the lower ^{grades} ~~frames~~, but these were laid down with a thoroughness which was very marked, with the study of Chinese literature playing an important part merely by way of teaching the children to read well. And since the ^{ability to read} ~~reading was all in~~ Chinese ^(entailed) a great deal of memory work, ~~was necessary and~~ not much ground was covered during these early years of training.

The teachings of Confucius were deeply instilled into the

about
stories ~~from~~ Confucius taught in the school.

~~LK's~~ ^(paid great attention to)
~~Lew's~~ people ~~made much over~~ the various Chinese holidays
^(where he lived)
which were traditionally celebrated in the province ^(that) at that
time. The chief ^{festival} ~~time for celebrating~~ was ^(that) at New Year, which
came in February, and ⁱⁿ during this period people went from house
to house visiting various members of the clan. The daughters
who had married returned for a visit with their mothers and the
women got together to exchange gossip on events which had occur-
red since they last met. The men did a great deal of gambling
and everything was supposed to be done ^(in a spirit of peace) ~~peaceably~~.

^{each}
Over the doors of ~~the~~ homes short poems were hung in order
to ward off evil spirits, ~~and~~ the gifts which were presented
~~had to be~~
~~were all~~ given in even numbers. It was considered very unlucky,
^(there always had to be)
for example, to give only one article, ~~and~~ at least two ~~were pre-~~
~~sented.~~ ^(Nor were) ~~And~~ the children ~~were not~~ forgotten, ~~either,~~ for ^(every one of) ~~it~~ was
considered good luck to give ^(likewise,) ~~them~~ copper coins. These, ~~too~~ were
given in even numbers. The children usually gambled with their
money ~~like~~ just as their elders did.

At this time it was also customary to whitewash the ances-
tral temples and to repaint and polish idols in these places of
worship. Offerings were ~~also made~~ to the ancestors ~~as~~ on all
feast days, but the average Chinese considered the New Year sea-
son chiefly ^(the principal one for) ~~as a time of~~ feasting and merrymaking. They also
had ~~theatres~~, furnished by persons of means who believed the gods

theatrical performances

would bless them if performances were ~~staged~~ in their honor.

The traditional belief about the coming of Confucius was taken for granted by the Chinese ^{among} ~~with~~ whom ^{LK} ~~Lew~~ was reared. Legend has it that before the birth of Confucius, a huge creature, half bird and half lion, flew down on the province in which the ~~great~~ ^(Confucius) ~~teacher~~ was to be born and left a jade seal bearing the announcement that ^(the man about to appear) ~~Confucius~~ would be the greatest teacher who ever lived. It set forth his position relative to other men and stated that all were to revere and respect him and to accept his teachings as an assurance of peace and happiness in life.

The dress of the Chinese ^{among} ~~with~~ whom ^{LK} ~~Lew~~ was reared was typically Chinese also, being made of silk and tailored in the ancient style of the land. It consisted of a heavy silk coat and trousers, ~~and~~ with the change of the season and coming of cold weather, any number of such suits were worn over each other.

Before ^{LK} ~~Lew~~ came to America, ^(i.e.) when he was about twenty years of age, he married a Chinese girl ^(and his wife) and she bore him three sons. Two of these sons live in America, while the third is in China. All of them are engaged in business with their father and all are apparently ^{attitudes} ~~oriental~~ in their ^{LK} ~~aspect~~. ~~Lew~~ certainly made no ^(with non-Chinese ideas) compromise in teaching his offspring and their moral behavior is governed by the principles of their ancestors.

^{LK} ~~Lew~~ came to America because his father ^{wished} ~~came over~~ to engage in trade, ^(here) and since the son found it more profitable to be in bu-

business in ^{CALIFORNIA} ~~Los Angeles~~ rather than in ^{CHINA} ~~Canton~~ he remained here. He has been back a number of times, but ^{always} ~~in each case he~~ returned to make more money. Though ^{he} ~~the man~~ did not admit as much, ^{apparently the} ~~it appears that~~ making money has been an obsession with him, and ^{apparently allows no other considerations} ~~but only~~ he ^{apparently} ~~excludes any feeling which will encroach on his~~ ^{monetary considerations to enter in his intercourse} share of gain in mingling with his fellow creatures. He does ^(mercenary or unfeeling. He seems) ~~yet~~ not appear to be ~~mean or cruel~~ merely strict and frugal in the ^{true} ~~real~~ sense of the word, if not a bit beyond the word.

^{LK} ~~Lew~~ had taught his sons to be good business men, and ~~the one son~~ in China sees to the exporting of goods to be distributed locally by the other two. One of ^{LK's} ~~Lew's~~ brothers ^{likewise} ~~also~~ lives in Los Angeles and the brother's son acts as ^{LK's} ~~a~~ secretary to Lew. This young man, though he seems very efficient in his knowledge of business and ^{of the} ~~methods~~ of American trade, bears the mark of ^{his family} ~~the Lews~~, ^{in his} ~~a~~ stoical, silent manner. He writes and speaks English fluently, having been well educated in this country, as were ^{LK's} ~~Lew's~~ own sons, but he ^{is faithful} ~~has a fidelity~~ to Chinese tradition in spite of all the observations he has made in America.

^{LK} ~~Lew~~ lives in small quarters in the rear of his place of business and eats ^(Chinese fashion) ~~his Chinese~~ food with chopsticks. His fare consists chiefly of rice and vegetables and he is very fond of the latter item of his menu. He sleeps on a bamboo mat, which is also a typical Chinese method of taking rest. When his meal is finished ^{LK} ~~Lew~~ lights up a long-stem Chinese water-pipe and has his smoke.

^{LK}
~~The man~~ is a restless, ⁽²⁾ surly individual ~~and he~~ has a habit of continually pacing up and down the floor of his shop apparently engrossed in his own problems. He looks upon anyone who comes into the place as an intruder if his reason for being there is not strictly business, and he exercises a close vigilance over the young man who acts as his secretary.

The old man, who is now seventy, ~~has a desire~~ ^(desires eventually) to return to China to live, as it is no doubt that China is his only love. His wife is dead and ~~Lew~~ ^(he) lives entirely for his business. It is obvious that he would transplant himself now, or would have done so long before, had he not been so afraid that he might have missed some profitable transaction ~~in~~ business. One wonders over ^(it is) what ^{he} gets out of life, and the answer is probably ^(to be) found in the fact that ~~Lew~~ ^{LK} lives the only life he has ever known, a strict, active watch over his own personal affairs and a stoical indifference to anything which does not pertain to him and his own.

yes
1912
The Son of a Cigar ^{Manufacturer} Merchant

✓ As far back as I can remember I always wanted to come to America. It appeared in my mind as a country overflowing with gold, and who can deny he does not want a pot of gold?

✓ My family has always lived in comfort because my father came to America many years before my birth to become a cigar merchant, and ~~he~~ prospered and brought money back to China, where he married my mother and where I was born. It was in the village of Toy Shun in the province of Canton, in 1901. I spent the greater part of my life in China, and ~~received~~ received there a very good education.

✓ Toy Shun is a small village, much like an ideal suburban American town, where the people have advanced far beyond the Chinese standard in their development of comfort. The people there became Christians long before others of our race, and it did not take long to adopt the innovations brought to us by the missionaries who ^{brought} ^(the) gave us a new faith.

✓ Before my father first went to America he had been only a poor ^{peasant} ~~farmer~~ boy living with his parents on a small plot of land. ^{to America} If he had not made the trip and become comfortably ^{reasonably} wealthy, ^(at least) in the Chinese way of measuring money, I might have grown up to be a ^{peasant} ~~farmer~~ myself.

^(my father) ~~He~~ worked in America for several years before he felt he had enough money to get married. ^{then} after this he returned to take a wife and see that ^{his family was properly} ~~we were~~ settled. He did not ^{however,} want us to live all our lives in China, and that is why he left us with our mother in the old country while he stayed in A-

improving his
merica ~~carrying on a good~~ business in the cigar trade. But ^{throughout}
~~during the course of my childhood I can remember, from time~~
to time ^(that were being made) preparations ^{visits} at home for the arrival of my father. He
^{generally a few} who would stay several months, sometimes longer, and then
leave again for America and his business.

^{in China,}
At home we lived on what he made in his business, and
our worries were few. I had only two brothers. Our cousins,
uncles and aunts lived elsewhere, ^{and that} which meant that my mother
was independent in our training. She was very Chinese, how-
ever, ^{she} ~~and~~ could neither read nor write. But she wanted us, ^(however,) to
go to modern schools and receive a good education so that we
could escape ~~from~~ the hard work which had been the lot of our
ancestors.

Our little home was a one-story stucco building. When
we entered it we stepped off the street into a courtyard. The
~~interior~~ ^(of the interior) several rooms were plain but clean and comfortable.
I can remember sleeping, as the Chinese has ^{vs} done for generati-
ons, on a hard board, with my head resting on a block of wood
which served as a pillow. Later we had soft American beds.

My mother, who was uneducated, could not teach us at
home before we were old enough to go to school, but she did
tell us many stories about China and sang us many old songs.
^{Then} when I was seven, I went to a kindergarten with a dozen
other children of my age, and there I learned to read and to
write. After studying there I was placed in one of the public
schools in our village,

At night we all ate in the same room with my mother, ^{had it is}
in one of the rooms leading off the courtyard of our home.
It was located next to the kitchen, and we were able to have
a servant cook our meals and serve them to us at the table.
After the meal we were sent to bed. We never studied lessons
at home, but always learned and recited them in school.

I can give you an example of one of the stories which
we read in our school. The story is well known even by those
who can't read. My mother herself ^{had} told it to us many times.
It deals with the marriage of a human being with an animal,
~~and~~ The Chinese of past ages doubtless believed that such
unions were ^{possible} sometimes made. ^{This is the story} The story is as follows:

One moonlit night a young man who had travelled to
a distant place from his village, was returning to his
home, going by way of the river. As he steered his small
boat down the stream he saw another boat pass him in
which sat a beautiful girl. She was so beautiful that he
immediately fell in love with her, and had he been able
he would have asked her on the spot to become his wife.
^{However he continued} ~~But he passed on~~ down the stream until he came to his
village, the memory of the beautiful girl burning in
his memory.

Back in his village he could not get her out of his
mind, and whenever he thought of his future and the fact
that some day he would get married, he always found him-
self ^{recalling} ~~dwelling on~~ the beautiful girl he had seen ^(that moonlight night) on the
river.

(to the distant place mentioned before.)

One night it ^(so) happened that he had to return to the other country on business and at nightfall he found himself in ^{this} a remote section of the ^(country) land without a place to stay for the night. Finally he came upon a small, deserted-looking house and knocked on the door.

A very old man answered his knock and the young man was invited inside, where he met an old crone of a woman, who was the wife of the old man. And then to his great amazement the old man went into another room and brought forth the beautiful girl he had seen on the river. The young man did not wait very long before he was making a marriage pact with the old man, who finally consented. The next morning the young man returned to his own village with the beautiful young girl who had become his wife.

The young man noticed that ^(upon his marriage,) almost immediately he acquired additions to ^{his} fortune, ^(He quite) and naturally he attributed his change in luck to his marriage with the young girl, ^{she} who ^(in every way, turned out) to be a model wife. The girl was accepted by the young man's family, and in every way ^(an one) the match seemed ^(an one) ideal.

~~But~~ One day the young wife came to her husband and told him that she had received word of the death of her father and that she wanted to return to her old home to take ^{change} care of his burial. The husband, ^(of course) gave his consent.

The day she left a friend of the young man told him that he ^{sus} expected that his wife was a ^{witch} sorceress. ^{He} The friend pointed out that there had been ^(marked) a change to the ^{for the better} very best.

~~had taken~~ (Then he gave some)
as soon as the marriage took place, and offered examples
what he believed to be the witch traits of the young wife
of her bewitching personality.

The young husband did ^{took} the advice of his friend
^{decided} and went to investigate, ^{He and} and returned to the old house
where he had found the old man and woman and the beautiful
girl, ~~but~~ ^{Arrived in that country the} neighbors in the vicinity told him that ^(of) the old
^{told him that the house he spoke of} house had been deserted for many years, and that on the very
day his wife had asked to return to bury her father they
had found an old gray rat crushed to death near the house.
This gave the young man startling new evidence of his
wife's ^{being a witch.} sorcery, and ^(he) upon further investigation found that
his wife, in truth, was a rat woman.

^(taking) Thereupon the young man listened to the advice of his well-mean-
ing friends, and ordered his young wife to leave his home.
But as soon as she left, his fortune ^(began to wane and) sank to a low level. He
^(became) was finally completely impoverished, and at the same time
^(burned) there was an intense yearning in his heart to have his young
wife back, in spite of her ^{being a rat-woman} connection with the rats.

^(Finally) he called the young girl back to his house. When she
again came into his presence he found himself so happy that
he lost all ^(his fears and misgivings) prejudice, and decided then and there never a-
gain to listen to the advice of his well-meaning friends.

His fortunes, too, ^(immediately) began to ^(improve) increase, and soon he was ^{in an even} estab-
^{more prosperous condition and in an even more happy state of mind} lished in a more happy state than ever before. And thus the
^{and they lived} young couple were reunited to live happily forever after.

This is but one of a number of stories told by the Chi-
nese about the union of human beings ^{and} with animals, and they ~~are~~ ^{known}

~~so~~ have stories about human beings marrying flowers and even inanimate objects. ^(They are the) ~~It is~~ ^(we) typical of the stories heard in our home ^{and} or read in our ~~books~~ ^{at school, books.}

After I finished high school in my village my father let me return to America with him. I lived in San Francisco ~~ni~~ with him for several years. After that, however, I decided to return to Canton to enter college, realizing, of course, that I needed a higher education and a thorough knowledge of English before entering on my career. ~~So~~ once back in Canton I entered the Christian College and stayed there until my graduation. During those four years I was careful to apply myself to the mastery ^{ing} of English, and ^(now I think I) speak it like ^a the native ^{born} American.

I came back to the United States in 1923 and entered business in San Francisco immediately after. I have been at the same place for about thirteen years, and I work most of the day and sometimes much of the night. I sell groceries and general notions, and have managed to get along very well. ^(eventually,) I hope to take what money I have saved and return to Canton. There I will go into the banking business, for in China money is scarce, in fact so scarce that one can do much if he has a certain ~~a small amount~~ ^{some} amount.

I have no great love for the old traditions of China because I think ^{many} ~~most~~ of these ^{are responsible for keeping} ~~old traditions have kept~~ my people in ignorance, and ~~on~~ ^{on} the whole, I think the American way of doing things is better. I live like an American here, and when I return to Canton, ^(continue to) in a few years, I think I shall live in the same way.

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Excellent life history particularly for
life in U.S.
China Train

C. came to this country when he was twenty-four years of age. After he landed on San Franciscoan shores, he spent exactly three days here. Promptly he went to his father's truck garden eight miles out of Sacramento. He was anxious to learn English, but his wish has never been realized for firstly, the truck garden was too far from the city school; secondly, he failed to find some one of his own age to accompany him to the school. To be alone in a class room with boys and girls one third his own age, was to him, not a small ^{trial and} embarrassment. Of course, most important of all reasons was, that he had to spend from sixteen to seventeen hours a day on the ^{fields} garden. The garden covered fifty acres of land, and on it were raised all kinds of Chinese and American vegetables. They rented this land from an American landowner, paying thirty-five dollars for an acre including water supply for irrigation. Including C. and his father, there were eight partners in this garden, each one having invested some six hundred dollars. Together they owned a Ford, a Chevrolet truck and an unknown make of sedan, along with five horses. All the eight worked on the garden. When the busy season came, such as the pepper, tomato and squash seasons, they hired one or two extra hands.

^{The men}
C. usually got up at 5:30 in the morning, took his break-

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fast and then started for the field at about 6:15. The lunch hour came ^{at noon} between 12 and 1 P.M. and lasted but about half an hour. They worked again until seven in the evening, and took another half hour off for supper. Under the dim electric light, they had to pack the vegetables or sort them until midnight or one in the morning. This was the regular daily routine, which was to C. much more strenuous than the peasant life in China. Once in a long while, he would have a Saturday evening off and would go in to Sacramento. He would go to a movie or again he would go to a gambling house. He did not gamble any "big money", he just wanted some spending money. He did not receive any wages for his labor. As a rule, for both his investment and his toil, he would get back a lump sum at the end of the year. Before that time he had practically no money to spend.

^{Ch'i Yuen} C. did not want to do business with the ^{Canneries} California Packing Corporation. "Their canneries do not pay the price and at the same time are too particular." So, C. and his partners usually piled their products in their trucks and went to the market place at Sacramento. They also took their Chinese vegetables to the Chinese grocery stores and exchanged ^{then Chinese vegetables} them for ^{at the Chinese grocery stores} grocery goods and meat. The garden was run in the following manner. From the group they chose the most experienced, as ^{the} their foreman whose tasks were to direct the planning and till-

ing. Then they elected an accountant and a treasurer. Perhaps the most important man in the force was the seller, who must know some English and be a good salesman. Whether they could dispose of their products or not depended mainly on the ability and diligence of this seller. It happened that C.'s seller was both incompetent and negligent. Besides, he would gamble with the money after the products were sold.

C. stayed at this garden for three years. For the first year, he obtained a share of \$700.00 which gave him less than \$60.00 a month for both his investment and his back-breaking work. For the second year, 1929, he received about \$1200.00. Then the crisis came and for the next year he received less than \$600.00. During his three years on this garden, C. dealt with many Japanese, American and Armenian farmers and customers and he never felt for once that there existed any race discrimination or any manifestation of such. But the garden was splitting up, for such an enterprise could not be successful if the keyman--the seller--was not reliable. C. was only too glad to leave, for, besides this business difficulty, he did not get along with his aged father, who seemed never satisfied with the way he was working.

From a Chinese peasant, C. became a farmer on a highly mechanized and capitalized truck garden. The change from crude farming implements to that of trucks and other farming

machines did not cause him any great strain. Strange as it may seem, he adapted himself easily to the horse teams, to the motor lorries as well as to the big gambling houses. But there was one thing he couldn't stand, and that was the high tempo of work and the unusually long hours of labor. In China, when darkness came, work immediately ceased and one had the opportunity to visit neighbors and converse pleasantly with the elders. Here, one had to work until he was so exhausted that he felt like collapsing. The relations between father and son and between oneself and father or friends were mechanical and lacked intimacy. Then there was another hard fact--why should one invest in an enterprise which would not even assure one of a decent living wage?

Again, C. looked toward the livelihood of a wage worker, for he didn't want to be tied to the land any more. Finally he decided to go to Fresno and take a job as a grape and fruit picker in a vine-yard. He stayed in Parlier for about three years. These three years, according to C. were the most important page in his life history. C. was then penniless. Every cent he had made during his first three years in the United States had been spent. He had to return the \$1200 to his father, the rest he sent back to his wife and child. Now he had to sell his labor power.

The vineyard was owned by an American boss, but run by a

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Chinese contractor. This contractor was named Chew, and he was a man with vast power. This was so, particularly because he was a member of the infamous Bing Quong Tong, the most powerful of all Tongs. He paid the workers \$2.50 for picking one thousand vines. This was considerably below the price that was paid by the American owner. But that was not the only form of exploitation. Just as in the mining company-towns, this contractor ran his own grocery and cigarette stands. Every worker was compelled to buy from his store at the highest possible price. For example, a sack of rice weighing fifty pounds which cost no more than \$2.80 at the market would be sold for \$5.25 or \$5.50 at his store. He charged fifty-five cents for a pound of noodle. Under this method he squeezed at least forty cents out of each worker every day for food.

Work of this kind was seasonal. C. worked about four to five months a year and made about \$150 to \$200. Most of the work came in January, February, August and September. His work varied from picking grapes to picking apples, pears, peaches and prunes. After two years he was surprised to find that he was in debt. He owed Chew \$30.00 for grocery and other bills. Chew wouldn't let him leave the town, threatened him with arrest and death. He must pay back his debt. So at Chew's own proposal, C. rented, through Chew, one hundred

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acres of vineyard from the Bank of Italy, at Parlier. The terms were that after all products were sold, the bank would take 25% of the ^{proceeds for} cash as rent. C. took in four other partners and each took a share in the capital investment. One of these partners was Chew's cousin and also a member of the fore-mentioned Tong. He was dominating the entire business. He was both the seller and the treasurer. At the end of the year, he claimed that the vineyard was a failure and that C. ^{had} not only lost his capital but would have to pay another \$200 to cover the deficit. C. knew that there was double book-keeping, for according to his own accounting, every one should have received at least between \$150 and \$200 for profit. But he dared not speak against this man, for fear that his own life would be in danger. On the other hand, he was not willing to pay this unjust debt, and was unable to pay anyway. He knew that if he stayed on, he would be further and further in debt. So he fled to Sacramento with a warrant issued from the Fresno county demanding his arrest.

It was the end of 1933 that C. came to Sacramento, and three months later, at the beginning of 1934 he came to San Francisco, hoping to find himself a job. During his long stay in Fresno, he met many Chinese workers who came from different industries. From them he began to learn many problems. One of them, Mr. F., was particularly well acquainted with workers'

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and social subjects. Thanks to him, C. began to see the existing political development in China, the national crisis and its ~~development~~ ^{the present situation}. He also developed a keen sense of criticism of the present economic order and that economically dominating class. He talked with respite about any capitalist. To him, there are no lower form of human being than the contractor ~~Chew~~ ^{for whom he worked}, and he knew there were quite a few of such people. Before, he did not know the reason for the depression or even acknowledged the existence of a crisis. Even now he ~~did not~~ ^{does} understand the development of the crisis with sufficient clarity. However, one thing he knew for sure and that was that the farming business ~~was~~ ^{was} became unprofitable.

His father usually made approximately \$1000 to \$1500 a year from his farming, but at the close of the year 1933, he received only \$5.00 for his entire year of work. C. thought this horrible, and with the same peasant instinct, the same individual outlook he could not see the necessity of struggling against those who are ~~persecuting~~ ^{persecuting} a policy of ruining the rural economy. But after going through the life of a worker he immediately understood this problem and is now determined to do his best to fight for his own salvation as well as the welfare of his fellow workers. He does not like America, but for one thing he is thankful to this country. That is, that America made a new, class-conscious worker out of him, a pri-

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native and ignorant peasant from China.

C. has been in San Francisco for eight or nine months now. He has been unable to find one day of work. He is not entitled to city or federal relief. He has not the capital or even the travelling expenses to go back to the farm. He can't pay his way back to China, and even if he could he would be penniless for his land had been taken away from him ever since he left for this country six years ago. All these conditions have made G. a very bitter man. Once, he did not have a bite of food for more than four days. He stood that without even a murmur of complaint. There is some hidden fire in him which will some day burst out like a volcano, and that day will come very soon.

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After working so long in this project we found out that to write a good story is one of the most difficult things to do. Often we would sit in front of the typewriter fully prepared to type away with ease. And at the end of the hour we would find ourselves just about at the same place where we started an hour ago.

Unless we are careful in our writing, then everyone of our stories ^{will} be monotonous and dull. So we would rather spend more time to make one good story than to hand in two or three mediocre stories.

Long ago in this little city of Oakland on Ninth Street there was a certain food store. In fact, it was more of a restaurant. It was run by a woman. A widow.

That was approximately eleven years ago.

Today eleven years later on a street just around the corner there is a restaurant. It is run by a woman. A widow.

This widow has five children. One of them is dead. The ^{first} daughter is married. The others are living at home with the family. Only one of the children is a boy. The fourth child. (adopted)

Eleven years ago, it was an old building. Just a small building that was hardly big enough to hold the members of the family. This restaurant was a very peculiar sort of a eating place. It did not sell rice.

It sold noodles, rice cakes, Chinese "jones", and a variety of delicacies which we could not name ^{the} in English equivalent. The widow was the cook in the place. The ~~son and~~ daughters were the delivery boys and girls. All day and all night (almost) the widow slaved in the heat of the kitchen stove. She did all of the cooking. The ~~daughters~~ daughters did all of the washing of the dishes and they ~~were~~

~~was~~ usually the one who did the delivery of the goods.

The reason why the woman went into the restaurant business was because of the death of the husband. The husband before he died was a noted school teacher.

He was not a teacher hired by the public schools. Instead he ran a private school of his own. In that school there were only a few pupils. He did not take more than forty students. Only the best pupils were taken in by him. He had been teaching school ever since he had been in America. After he died the mother, meaning the wife, started the restaurant business. At that time ~~all~~^{at} of the children were not big enough to go out and work. And the woman could not take care of the big family without any help. She hit upon a novel idea. She was going to start a restaurant. But not the ordinary kind that provided food and rice. This was going to be a different kind of eating place.

The big restaurants in Chinatown were built for the purpose of getting some business from the white people. The restaurants were supplied with dance halls, orchestra, and slick crooners to draw the customers in. And about eleven to one o'clock young couples mostly Americans, could be seen going into these elaborate restaurants.

But in this place run by this woman no white people had ever entered.

Why? Because the place does not give the appearance of a restaurant. The windows are dulled by a heavy film of oil and grease. The paint in the roofs are all cracked. The tables do not have any tablecloth. The chairs are of all styles and make. Some are like souvenirs from a dated museum. The chopsticks are of different sizes and color. None ^{is} ~~are~~ of the same length.

And the kitchen is like a junk yard. There is a old-fashioned stove in the corner. On the floors there are many pots and pans which appeared as if they needed two or three scrubbings. And there is hardly room for anyone to walk in the kitchen unless he had been on an eighteen day diet. Right next to the stove we see a woman cooking. Her hair is flying about like a maniac. On a huge table in the middle of the rooms there are sauce, bamboo shoots, pork, roast duck, fried chicken and scores of other edible articles. The dishes are clumsily arranged on racks that are almost falling to pieces.

In another corner there is a huge stone turning wheel that bring back memories of old China. In this wheel seeds are ground into white powder. On another corner there is a big table with a huge and enormous piece of bamboo. This is the mixing table. The flour and dough are made here. Instead of using the hands to mix the dough the bamboo is used. After the dough is thoroughly mixed the mixer, who is usually a man put his thigh on one end of the bamboo. The other side of the bamboo is strongly connected down to the table. The man just bounces along from one end of the table to the other end and the flour is all ready for the baking.

This was the restaurant of eleven years ago.

Today it is entirely different. It is clean and tidy. There are booths for the ladies. The woman wears a white apron. The tables are painted a fascinating hue of green. The walls and ceilings are green. The kitchen is roomy. But the old grinding wheel and the table with the bamboo is still in prominence.

The place is selling the same kinds of foods that it used to sell. And still it does not sell any rice.

The son, daughters, and the mother all worked in the business. But as the son and daughters grew up and had to go to school then the woman hired an old man to help in the delivery of the goods. This old man worked for fifteen dollars a month. He ~~eat~~^U at the restaurant.

He had been working at that store for five years and it was only last year that he was discharged.

The only time that the restaurant needed to rush was during New Year. Then at that time no one had any leisure time.

"New Year's time is the busiest time of the year. Everybody seems to want one of those Chinese puddings made. It was very difficult to fill out all of the orders so we have to give up most of them. It takes a long time to have this pudding finished.

"I always said that it is a good thing that I am so healthy. This kind of work takes long hours. One has to stand up and one hardly has time to sit down. For over ten years I have worked and I had never been sick once. People used to say to me that it is a miracle how I could survive for so many long years.

"Every night we have friends drop in and play mah jong. There is a little room right next to the kitchen where they play. It is a common thing to have people play until early in the morning. Mostly ~~they are~~
~~it is~~ men.

"The players donate a certain amount of money each time they play. The amount is determined by the amount they are playing. If for example they are playing fifty cents a thousand point, each one will donate five cents. If they were playing five dollars a thousand point, then each one will donate one dollar. Whatever the amount is, it is to cover one complete round of playing. If they are playing two rounds then the amount they donate is doubled. It is tripled ~~it~~^{if}

the players play three rounds. There is hardly a single ^{that} no one ~~does~~ not play. Often in a month we collect enough of the donations to pay for the rent, gas, electric and water bills.

"But lately people have been opening real gambling shops right next to the restaurant. Those people probably thought that we are making a fortune because of the mah jongs. To the left and to the right there are mah jongs shops. Whether they will last or not we do not know."

Before the restaurant was made over all of the family slept in the kitchen. But as business began to prosper and money was flowing in, the woman built a sort of attic or a sort of a second story to the house. Then the entire family moved up to the new addition to the house.

But the son had to stay down in a little room in the kitchen. All of the woman folks moved to the new surroundings which was connected to the kitchen with a step ladder.

The surroundings was very unhealthful. About a year ago the son developed lung trouble. He went into a sanitarium to rest. He stayed there a year and then he came out. The doctor would not allow him to go to school.

The oldest daughter married about seven years ago. She lived in Oakland and has two children today. The second daughter died from a peculiar illness. The third daughter is --listen and you will know.

It happened sixteen years ago. The father, who was the husband of the woman was a great gambler. On that fatal night he was gathered with a group of rich men. They were going to play "Tin Gow" and mah jong. For the last few nights the father was very lucky. He thought

that this luck would continue indefinitely. He and the group of three men decided to play BIG.

So far into the night the four men gambled. The hours passed like a swift arrow. In the little gambling room dimly lighted by a single electric lamp the four men continued.

While at home the mother and the four children slept peacefully on little dreaming what the morrow will bring.

For hours and hours the men kept on. But the end came soon. Too soon for one man in particular. The father. He lost a huge amount.

He had not the amount of money to pay. But the winner must have it. So silently in the darkness of night the man crept home. There in a crib the little baby girl was silently sleeping. He took her out of the crib and stole quietly out of the house. He went back to the gambling house and handed his own little girl to the winner as payment for the amount he lost.

Now morning came. The mother woke up. But her daughter was missing. Her husband was not back yet. Frantically the mother looked here and looked there, but her daughter could not be found.

It was a day of tragedy for the mother. At noon a sad face friend approached the door and told the woman that the body of her husband had been found in the streets with a bullet hole in the head. The woman break down immediately. For the next few days she was sick and delirious. As yet she did not know what had happened to her daughter.

When she was well enough friends who had heard about what happened told her what happened to her child. The woman fell sick again. She almost died. But a few months later she got well again.

The baby girl was in a new home. The woman was a widow.
The children were without father.

Now it happened that this daughter was brought into a home of rich people. Very rich. There she grew up without knowing what had brought her there.

But when she was about twelve years old she found out the truth. She learned about ^{it} through gossiping tongues. From then on she despised her real father even though ~~he~~ he was dead.

During all this time the real mother and brothers and sisters did not say a thing to her about it. But despite that, the daughter found out the truth.

Today everyone knows the truth of the whole thing. The daughter call~~s~~ her real mother "godmother." The foster parents allow the daughter to visit the godmother as much as she like although they, themselves, never visit them.

There is a gap between the two families.

But the daughter never forgave her father for what he had done. The father died when he was almost forty years of age. The wife was about thirty ^{five} ~~ten~~ years old.

It was in China that the man was born. That proved definitely why he was a big gambler. After many years of education in China he came over to this country. Yes to work. (Ho Mum) He attended a few years of the English school after he landed in this country. He did not stay long because he always wanted to work.

He married a girl he met here. That girl too was born in China. And she came here when a very little girl. When they were married they were quite happy.

But as married life went on the wife found out that her husband

was more interested in gambling than in a home. Although he was a gambling ^{man} himself he often said to the pupils, "All of you should not gamble. Neither should you smoke. Nor should you play lottery tickets." The students answered him thus, "But you do all of these things yourself. If you wish us to be good and honest why don't you set us a good example." The teacher always answered in this way, "But I am old and you are young. A little whiskey and cigars would not hurt an old man half as much as a young man."

The husband taught school for five years. During that time the mother stayed at home caring for the children. A few years after the death of the husband the woman started the business. The restaurant business.

Today that restaurant is getting along. Very well indeed. The woman is working just as hard as ever. One daughter is already graduated from the high school. One is married. And the son is fourteen years of age.

Sometimes when I ~~have~~ ^{find} time in the night, I dropped in there and watch ^{ed} the people played mah jong. I watched the son mix the dough and I watched the daughter grind the old-fashioned wheel and I saw the widow standing in front of stove, cooking.

Today she is so busy with her work that she has absolutely no time for worrying.

Early in the morning she wakes up and works till late at night. The sons and daughters help in the work also. And as business begins to be better and better the place is being made more attractive and more customers drop in at the widow's place to eat.

This is the story of a farmer's daughter which does not in the least resemble the oft told tale of the farmer's daughter and the traveling salesman.

Many Chinese over here had fathers and grandfathers working in the farming industry. Some had forefathers working in the land for generations.

This woman's father was a farmer. He raised his family entirely by the income of the farming. Farm life was not as bad as it seemed according to the story of the woman.

"Father had nine children. Four girls and five boys. All of the boys helped in the work of the farm. The girls do the light labor such as cooking, washing, and feeding the chickens and pigs.

"Father was a farmer all his life. His father left the land to him when he died. Working on the land was difficult work. It was no place for the weaklings.

"I always remembered my mother's life on the farm. She went to bed every night at midnight. And she got up before four o'clock. She cooked the early breakfast for the men folks who were going out to work. She cooked the noon meals and the evening meals too.

"Farmers had good appetites. Tea was made by the bucketfuls. Rice was cooked in great quantity. The men farmers ate from ten to fifteen bowlfuls of rice in one meal. That made it an average of thirty bowlfuls for each man in one day.

"Everything that we needed was provided by the farm. All of the food and wood came from the farm. Even though we did not make any money for that year we at least grew enough for consumption and no one had to starve. But every year after the crop is sold there was a celebration. Everybody made merry and enjoyed himself.

"Rain or shine the men got to work everyday. They did not quit work because it was raining. Growing rice was one of the most difficult things to do. There were so many intricate processes to go through. Every year in the month of June and December the rice was harvested. During the time of the harvest extra men were hired. Food and accommodations were supplied to these men and also their wages. We, the girls of the family helped in the cooking at that time. Rice was cooked in enormous quantity and it was always consumed by the workers.

"After the stalks of rice were collected and put through the different processes we helped in the thrashing of it. After all the work was through, the extra men were discharged and paid off. Some took money and others had their pay paid in rice. But there was always a few men who worked around the farm all year around.

"The rice was then put in baskets and taken to be sold to the customers. There were so many baskets of rice that I always thought that they were enough to feed the entire population of the earth. My father also raised pigs and cows. The cows helped in plowing the land. The pigs brought in good prices too.

"At night all of the pigs were driven into the kitchen with the chickens. There they stayed the whole night long. And in the morning they were driven out again. The cows had a certain section especially constructed for them, a sort of a barn.

"My mother was the one who seemed to work the hardest. She slept late and she wake up early very early in the morning. Ever since she married she did that kind of work. But it did not weaken her. Today she is still alive. She is seventy-two. She is leading an easy life now. No more hard labor on the land.

"Only two of my brothers stayed in the farming industry. The others went to school and went into business life."

"Father saved his money and when he died he left the land to my mother. Mother sold part of the land and the rest she gave to some of her friends. Then we moved away from the farm and live in Ho Chung village. At that time two brothers were already married. One of my sisters was married to a farmer. The rest of us lived in a wooden house in the village."

The woman had little education in her youth. She married and came over to America with her husband. Here she had four children. She did not live a very happy life. All of her children ^{were} are sickly when they were born. Even today they are not so strong.

The biggest son was the worst of all. When a child he was always getting involved in trouble. When he grew up he was known as the bully of the neighborhood. Everyone was afraid of him. The mother tried her best to prevent her son from going wrong, but nothing could be done.

When the son was sixteen years of age, he was arrested because he stole a car. He was taken to the detention home. The mother was glad because he knew that at last the son could have a chance to get renovated. But when the son got out he was worst than ever. He held a grudge against his mother because his mother let him stayed in the detention home for so long. One night he ran away from home and from then on there was no news as to what happened to him. Despite the fact the fact that the mother knew that this son was not an ideal son, nevertheless, she was sad and worried that he left her.

To add to her troubles her second son and the daughter developed

consumption. The two victims were then sent into Del Valle farm for prevention and cure before it was too late. They stayed there for almost a year and when they came out they were fat and healthy.

The woman was extremely happy to ^{see} her children so well and strong.

"It was wonderful to see what a year of rest will do to sick children. I can hardly believe my eyes when I saw how strong and well my son and daughter were. I will always be grateful for what the farm had done to my children. It didn't cost me a single cent to send them there. If there wasn't such a place to care for tubercular victims, I would not have known what to do.

^{did} "Every year when the Christmas seals are sent to me, I always do my share by buying some. Everybody should help and cooperate so that this disease could ^{be} eradicated from the face of the earth."

The woman is a hard worker. But that did not seem to sap any of her strength and vitality. She used to work long hours in a cannery. And she sew clothes in a machine for long hours at a time. She could not go to the shop and they brought the clothes to her home. She used her own electric to drive the machine. Deducting that she made forty or fifty cents a day out of hours and hours of work.

As she said, "If I don't do something, the days seemed so long and empty. So to do something is better than sitting at home. Even to make a few cents is better than doing nothing at all."

There were times when she sew clothes on the electric machine until her eyes hurt and her back ache and yet she made but a little money. There were times when she said to herself, "It is better to

use this time in resting than to spend it doing the hard work." But she always rather work than rest because it was so lonely being alone in the house. Her husband was out to work. The children were at school. She cooked the meals and after that is through she worked and sew. And when evening drew near, she again cooked another meal for the entire family. Day in and day out, it was the same dreary thing. But she is used to it.

She remembered her mother who had but three or four hours sleep each night. Life was not half as difficult for her as for her mother. For what had she to complain² about. She had children and happily married. And all the ordinary routine work she did was part of life.

The only entertainment she gets is at the stage shows in San Francisco. She does not know what the movies is all about. Never been in a motion picture theatre in her life.

On holidays she would take the smaller children and went to the stage shows. And she would come back fully entertained and amused. Life was not so bad after all, was it? And the next day she would go back to her cooking and sewing knowing that she was secure in her home.

She is forty-six years of age. Her husband died four years ago. She does not have small feet because she was the daughter of a farmer. And only rich people have small feet.

She is not like the other Chinese women who discarded the oriental costume for American clothes. She still retained her Chinese clothes. She wears dark blue and black. And her hair is tied in a knot in the back of her neck. But she wears shoes and coats of American-made.

The oldest son, who ran away so long ago is still roaming around somewhere, where no one knows. Perhaps it was for the best that he did run away. Otherwise he would have caused unlimited trouble to the mother and everyone concerned.

She remembered some of the old superstition which her mother followed. She remembered going into the ancient temples in which there were gods and stone statues all around. The statues were about as high as a man. And in the silence of the temples dimly lighted by the eerie sunlight the figures of the statues are really terrifying. It is said that no one could look at the face of Confucius without flinching. His was a dynamic force that defied anything.

The woman related some of her experiences.

"I remembered going into one of those dimly lighted temples once. The stone faces of some of the figures seemed actually to move and laugh. I was terribly frightened then. I was not very old then. A priest was chanting an old hymn that was solemn and grave. My mother put food and wine and good luck candles beside one of the statues. She said a prayer and then we went out.

"Outside everything was so different. There was the sunshine, the air, and real people in flesh and blood walking along. I felt as if I had come out of some strange darkness and greeted the sunlight. All this praying and strange doings ^{were strange} to me. I just could not enter into the spirit of the thing. I watched all of these customs with pleasure and excitement.

"I never followed them, but it was interesting to know about them. I am interested in things that are more concrete and not so abstract."

It was good to know that this woman is not one of those super-

stitious old women that are so abundant in old China.

Today she is living in a house which was bought by her husband when he was still alive. Strangely enough, this house had no electricity. It is lighted by gas. One of the reasons why the woman gave up her sewing was because the house does not have any electric.

When the husband died and the son ran away there was a great deal of spare room in the house. She decided to rent the spare rooms of the house to some boarder. There was a family who had but only two children. The woman rented the two spare rooms to the family.

The house is all paid up. And the woman every month had twelve dollars which she received as rent.

But trouble began to arise.

The two newcomers, that is the children, were always making trouble. They stole the woman's food. They wasted her gas and her water and they were always fighting with the woman's sons.

Finally the boarders were told to leave the house. Since then, the woman would not think of ever living with another family again.

The woman knew what it was to be poor. She remembered when her second son was born she did not have any money for buying pig feet and delivering red eggs to her friends. She pawned most of her jewels and her friends loan her money for the occasion.

The baby was born at home so as to save hospital bills and excessive expenses. She suffered the same experience when her first son was born.

"And to think what he had turned out to be. He does not realized what I had been through when he was born. He will never know."

The daughter had graduated from high school. She does not go to college because she does not want to. She worked at the clothes

shop. The second son is still going to high school. In his spare time he do part time work at a garage.

The woman does not worry about rent because the house is all paid up. Her sons and daughters gave her some money each month to buy food and clothing.

This sort of life was very different from farm life. Out in the farm no one had to pay rent. Nor gas nor electric. Food and supplies were abundant on the farm. Only in times of floods and drought were there any serious trouble. But the woman remembered that in the section where her parents lived, there were no floods or drought. She had heard that in the northern section floods were a common occurrence.

"Farming was not a bad industry at all. At least one could exist solely on the farm. Even if one had not much money it doesn't matter. We could have food, clothing, shelter and money. My father raised the entire family of us on the farm. Now away from the farm we worry about money, about food and many other things. Farm life was hard, but it was simple and wholesome. I always think back about it in my memories and the picture of my mother waking up early in the morning and working the whole day through, lingered for a long time."

And today the farmer's daughter is a city woman. There is a big difference in her life and in her mother's life but there is also much similarity.

Here is the end of the story and not a word about the salesman. How disappointing.

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Everyone who reads the funny papers must be familiar by now to a funny strip called "The Timid Soul." People make fun of the timid soul. He always wear a old-fashioned brown derby. He is being belittle by his more courageous companions. He does not dare to wear new clothes because he feels self concious in them. He is afraid of women because they absolutely scare him stiff. Often we see the timid soul getting involved in hilarious situations which simply put the reader in stitches. He is afraid of men with strength. When people laugh behind his back, he thinks that they are laughing at him. When people happen to look in his direction he thinks, I bet he is looking at me. In other words he is afraid of people, of things, and he is only comfortable in the surrounding of his own home. Why, the wife simply boss him around. There are many joyful moments for the readers while reading "The Timid Soul."

Now there is a certain man we know who resembles the imaginary character of the funny papers. Perhaps it is coincidence, or something, but this man resembles the character to such a great degree that we could say that the author of the comic strip could not create a character more authentic if he had met this man in reel life. In manner, in speech, and in action the man identifies himself amazinly to his imaginary brother of the comic strip.

This man wears a brown suit which does not in the least look new. It appears to be worn over and over again. Without any reironing. He is short, thin, and very fragile. He is womanly in the sense that he has no initiative in going out and meet people and do things. He is rather afraid of his wife. Does not go around with other man much. Stays home and cook and take care of the children. While his wife goes out to work for a living.

A few months ago his two sons had their tonsils taken out. And the man suffered and worried more than if his wife was expecting a blessed event. The two little boys went up to the doctor's office where the doctor operated on the boys. The mother and the father were along too. At the time of the operation the father and mother went in to see.

The doctor operated on the older boy first. The man twitched and moaned while looking on. The wife was very calm all through the ordeal. When the father saw blood coming out of the mouth of his son he yelled out and told the doctor to stop. He would not let the doctor go on with the operation. After the anesthetic, the son did not wake up for quite a time. The father went here and there and he did not understand what had happened. Immediately he decided that his second son was not going to suffer the same as his other son. He would not allow the doctor to continue with the other son. He said to his wife, "Perhaps we better bring the boy back and see how he respond and then bring the other boy up here at a later date. Then we will know whether it is all right or not."

Now the wife is one of those talkative and take-it-or-leave-it person. She is not afraid of taking a chance at anything. Long ago she used to make whiskey and she got by too.

She said to her husband, "There's nothing to be afraid of. The two boys will be all right." Greatly over the objection of the father, the wife told the doctor to go on. The doctor operated. The two boys were then sent home to bed. Now something happened that sent the timid husband into the shivering heebies jeebies. One of the son, who was rather weak, suffered a so-called relapse. He fainted away while he was asleep. His face became pale and white.

The husband said to the wife, "Now look what you had done to the little boy. He's dead, dead! Call a doctor, quick!" Now the wife, too, wondered what had happened. But she did not turn green and cold like her husband.

When the doctor came he thought the father was the patient because he looked so pale and green. The son suffered the relapse because he was not so strong as the other boy. And perhaps the doctor gave a too large dose of anesthetic. But the son got well and the father was relieved. This is but one incident which illustrates the fear and uncertainty in the mind of the man. Of course, his wife is exactly the opposite. She never knew fear and probably never will know it.

The wife is a talkative little woman. She has a voice that could be heard for blocks. She has a great sense of humor. Always laughing and even in times of troubles and darkness, she never shows it on her face. All her life she had worked and worked hard too. She had done all kinds of work. Laundrywoman. Cook. Maid. Canning. Many others more. The husband could not boast such a record. His life was rather and plain and simple. He only worked at simple work. Easy and not too hard to do physical.

This man never smoke nor drink whiskey unless there was a celebration of some kind going on. He was never known to be involved in any sort of a scandal. Gossiping old women never linked his name with anything unpleasant. Or unusual.

The only great difference between him and the character of the comics is that this man wears glasses. And also for the fact that he is a Chinese. Otherwise he is living the part of "The Timid Soul" perfectly and naturally much to his discomfort.

The family is living in a one story building. The rent is fifteen dollars a month. Once the place where they are living now was a empty store. Because the rent was so cheap and the family so small, the man rented the place and fixed it all over. Now there is a kitchen, a sitting room, two bedrooms and a dining room. There is no yard.

Now this place was never intended to become a house for people to live in. It was not built in that style. The front of the house has two enormous windows. And a passer by could look right through the building to the end of the room. So the man had the two windows covered with a heavy coat of paint so that no one unless they are over six feet and a half could look through the window with any ease. Passing by this house one would think it was a empty place. It does not give the appearance of being occupied by someone. But the whole family lives there surrounded by the four walls and the two big windows.

Just now the mother is not doing any work. She had tried to get a job but had been unsuccessful. And the father is the only one working. He has two brothers younger than him in years who are both working. When the two brothers came to live in his house the two little boys went into their mother's room and the brothers occupied their room. They eat with the family. And each month each one of the brothers paid over so much for rent and so much for food for the family. Thus in this manner the mother is able to make a little money for expenses.

And add that to the income of the father, the family managed to get along fairly well. The two little boys go to school, both the western and the oriental schools.

Now the husband could not do any hard housework. His wife always laugh at him while watching him do the hard work.

"He could not wash the floors without making a mess of the house. He could not wash the windows. While washing the floors, he pants and prespires as if he is ready to fall to pieces. Often when I watch him, I could not stand it so I finish the job myself. I always said to him that he could not get anything done without me around to finish it. Of course, he is used to my laughing at him and he does not get mad or anything. That's the kind of person he is. Good natured and kind. Always doing more than his share of work.

"Before, he used to work in a store where many men worked. There were many men working at that place. Everybody should do an equal share. But as in most other things there were always some who were always unfair. Two of men who were taking ^{care} of the books were caught cheating. They were profiting themselves through the ignorance of all the others. Now one day my husband caught them cheating. They did not know about it. That night when he came home from dinner he told about it. And he said that he did not know whether he should tell any of the other workers about it or not. He said that he did not want to start a great deal of trouble.

"Of course, I almost lost my temper. I told him that the only thing to do was to tell all the other workers about it. It simply was the only thing to do. He was a little hesitating from the beginning. He did not want to do it. But I just kept pushing him on. And soon he did it. Of course, there was a great deal of trouble. And soon the company was dissolved and everybody left the place and everybody lost his job. For a few months nobody got

any work to do. There was a great quarrel among the other men. There was a woman who had a part in the business. And she was cheated by the two men for about two or three thousand dollars. She was so mad and crazy that she raised a great deal of trouble. If my husband had not caught those two men I am willing to bet that even today the company will still be operating and everyone will be just as ignorant of the going-ons. Everyone of the workers of the company is now without work. They have work, but very irregular."

In 1932 the man almost died from the paralyzation of the leg. His thigh was inflicted with paralysis. For two or three months he could not walk. Then as time went on, it got worse. He could not even move his leg. It had lost the sense of feeling. He lost weight and everyone in the family thought that perhaps he was going to die. In fact everyone knew that he was going to die. But he got well. Much to the amazement of many persons. After he got well he was not allowed to do any hard work. So he stayed home and cooked. The wife tried to get work to do.

The man is afraid that his children would get hurt. The boys today are about ten or eleven years of age. But everyday rain or shine the father went to school to take them home. And when school goes out at three-thirty one could always find him waiting at the gate to accompany the two little boys back home. On raining days he wears rubber shoes, those black kind that nobody except old folks wear today. Once it was raining very hard. The father was afraid that if he bring the two boys home they would get wet. So he brought rice and chopsticks to the school. There in the basement of the school. While the rain continued pouring outside.

The man is over forty. His wife is almost forty. Both of them married at quite an old age as far as Chinese are concerned. About twenty-seven. The two little boys are born in America.

The parents had been in America for about eleven years. Ten of the eleven years were spent in the city of Oakland. One year was spent in a little country town. The man did not like country life. He said that the hours are too early, the work too hard and the profit too small. When he first went into the country, he had a most miserable time. He thought he could do the hard work. After less than a year in the country he decided that he would not like to do that sort of work. He was always urging his wife to come out to the city where he could be able to make a better living. His wife finally consented and they came out.

He came out and he got a job as waiter in a restaurant. He worked at that for quite a few years. Then he got another job at an American restaurant. He fixed salads and he baked pies. Then he and the group of men started the business which was later spoiled by two unpleasant and dishonest men. And from then on most of the other workers did not have any regular work to do.

In China the man, when small was a problem to his mother. He had a great inferiority complex. His mother said that he would never amount to anything great. His father was a plain ordinary worker. The man had been to school and he could understand a little Chinese. Enough to read the papers and ordinary articles of interest. He had never been to an English school. But he speak English. But can not write very well.

He is scare of the rain. On cloudy days he always had an umbrella to prepare for the rain when it comes.

Last July the husband started selling firecrackers for the first time in his life. He had heard that people make many money during July. Yet he was afraid to take a chance. So he and another man decided to make it a partnership. Either both make money or both lose money. On July the First they sold fifty-two cents worth of merchandise. The two cents are for the state's treasury. So the total amount sold was fifty cents. The timid soul was so afraid that he decided to sell his goods over to some other Chinaman to resell again. But the partner made him stick until the finish.

During the July holidays the little house where the man was living was opened. Inside on the living room table all sizes of firecrackers were displayed. And the customers went into the house to buy their goods.

Deducting all the expenses, the man made seventy-five dollars in four days. To him it was an immense fortune. He was very glad. But the partner thought it was just so much chicken feed and he said that if knew that this was all they were going to make, he would never ~~have~~ ^{have} done it. Now after a rather good start, the man is anxiously waiting for this July when he could sell firecrackers again. Only this time he is going to have enough courage to sell it alone. He believes that he could make some money this July. When July comes along he will go outside of the house waving his flag and shouting to the people who passed by, "Fire-works, fireworks, very cheap here."

During those days he is not the timid husband. He is a hard worker, working for his living and making some money.

In a previous article we pointed out the fact that there are many families who are separated by the Pacific Ocean.

Here we have another man who came over to America alone after he had married in China. Two of his children were born in China. One is born in the United States.

The man himself is born in China. So is his wife. The man married when he was twenty-two years of age. His wife married at the age of nineteen. The man stayed in China the first ten years of married life. During that time two girls were born. The man wished for a boy. But before his wish came true he was called over here by his cousin.

In Canton alone the people spoke over ten different dialects. By the way the different people spoke it was always possible to tell as to the section where they came from. There are many people today who could understand the different dialects but could not speak them at all.

When the first Chinese came over they brought with them their own dialect. Since the Chinese came from all sections of Canton, all the different dialects are represented in the speech of the Chinese today. In English, by sound only, the different dialects could be translated as follow: The Lone Doe, the Say Yup, The Hur San, the Gow Gong, and Soon Duck. There are the most common. There are a few more.

But the funny thing was the fact that as a rule the people who came from a certain section of Canton were so much different from the other sections of Canton. Their speech, their action, their manners, and their physical appearance were different.

In a story entitled "American Family", written by Faith Baldwin, there was a certain paragraph in which the wife of the doctor arrived in China for the first time in her life. Seeing the great multitude of Chinese she exclaimed, "But they all look alike." To the people of the western world most Chinese look alike. But there are some who could not even tell the difference between a Chinese and a Japanese. But a Chinese could always tell the region where another Chinese came from and what kind of dialect he spoke.

But the point that we are trying to point out is this. The people who speak a certain dialect work in professions that the other people who speak a different dialect would not do.

In Oakland this rule works a hundred percent true. Well, ninety-nine percent anyway. On eighth street there are a great number of food stores. Without a single exception they are run and owned by the Say Yup people. While right next door is a fish and poultry store. And it is run by a Lone Doe Man. A few doors from that there is another poultry store. It, too, is run by a Lone Doe man.

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The different meat markets are run by the Gow Gong people. Generally speaking all the other professions are like that. Of course, as in other things, there are exceptions.

This man is a Hurn San man.

The Hurn San people are rather calm. Physically they are not as strong as the other people. Because of that they do not do the hard physical work like the Say Yup.

In San Francisco all of the dress making shops are owned by the Hurn San people. They are the tailors, the dress makers.

The man had a cousin over here in San Francisco. The cousin owned a dress making shop. The cousin finally told the man to come over and helped with the work. This man was always writing to the cousin and asking the cousin to give him a job.

The man came to this country at the age of thirty-three. His cousin immediately taught him the art of cutting clothes and he also taught him how to use the electric machine. Soon the man became an expert in the trade. He was almost as good as the cousin. The man worked and saved up his money. Soon he decided to bring his family over. In 1925 his wife and the two daughters arrived. And she shocked the town because she arrived in this country with her hair bobbed. The fact is that she bobbed her hair many many years before the people over here ever thought anything about it. This is one time when the dormant little villages really put something over on the big cities.

The two daughters by this time were about fourteen and twelve respectively.

In 1929 another baby was born to the proud mother. This time a boy. And the father was proud of his accomplishment. He spent over a thousand dollars in the celebration of the baby. To some Chinese people a thousand dollars saved up was their life's earning.

One thing you can say about the Chinese people. No matter how poor or how broke they are, whenever a member of their family gets married or have a baby, they always celebrated their heads off. Literally speaking, of course.

After the birth of this baby boy the mother fell sick. She had never completely recovered from her illness. Today she complains about this and about that.

The man, when he was a little boy, was known by his friends as a sissy boy. He was weak, thin, and undernourished and pale and he had as much pep and sparkle as overnight soda water. He was not sick nor was he suffering from any sort of chronic illness.

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He was just born like that. As Popeye the sailor said, "I yam what I yam." And the man is what he is.

Today he is still rather delicate. His hands are a smooth blue color through which the blue veins show still bluer. His forehead is very high. His face is white bluish in color. But he is never sick. Or to be more exact, rarely sick.

The man was getting along quite well until he brought his family over. After the baby boy was born he was much poorer what with the doctor bills and the huge celebration staring him in the face.

Money that is spent is spent and no matter how one weeps or moans it will never come back. All the money was spent for the sake of appearance.

The man left the place where he was working and he started a shop of his own. He moved over to Oakland to live. It, too, was a dress shop. The man cut all of the clothing and his wife, whenever she could, helped with the completion of them.

The store sold high-priced silk. In the windows were displayed dazzling colors of red, blue, and breath-taking colors of the rainbow. The store sold shirts, stockings, and other clothing apparel.

The business was almost wrecked because of a robbery. It happened on a certain holiday. The family lived in the upper section of the house. This section of the house was connected to the lower portion, which is the store, by a simple means of a step ladder. The upper section was the living part of the house.

On this certain holiday the family was asleep. They had come home after attending the stage show in the city. They were all dead tired. Evidently some one forgot to shut the door tight.

The next morning the father woke up to find the store derived of thousands of dollars of rare silks. The man was stunned. It was a tremendous loss to him. He could not have been more shocked if he had seen the sea serpent in Lock Ness. Or was it Loch Lomond, we have forgotten.

A great amount of silk was bought on credit. And the man did not know how in the world he was ever going to pay the bills.

And money was getting to so scarce that every cent counted as being important.

To borrow money was not an easy thing. Besides it was not easy to borrow sufficient amount to pay for the bills. So as a last resort the man started a "wue" (Chinese pronunciation.)

As a rule when anyone was broke and could not borrow any money to pay his debts, he started a wue. The man who needed the money and who started the wue is known as the leader. If he needed a hundred dollars the plan is known as a hundred dollars wue.

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As a rule when anyone was broke and could not borrow any money to pay his debts, he started a wue. The man who needed the money and who started the wue is known as the leader. If he needed a hundred dollars the plan is known as an hundred dollars wue. If he needed five hundred dollars wue. The wue can be of any amount as desired.

The man needed about six hundred dollars in order to pull him through the ordeal. So he started a six hundred dollar wue.

By way of explanation of the wue he said. "Before anyone could start a wue, he has to have enough participants willing to join in the plan. In my case I need 20 people. People that I can trust. Each member contributes thirty dollars each month for twenty months. Each month six hundred dollars go to a certain member of the participants. The leader gets the first payments. I use that money to pay for the loss of the robbery. Every month for the next twenty months I have to pay thirty dollars. At the end of twenty months my six hundred dollars would be all paid up. The month after the one in which the leader gets the money is open to any of the participants who needs the money that month. Each one of the members has but one chance to get the money. So that at the end of twenty months each one will have had his chance. The leader is held responsible if any member does not pay his monthly share. The leader has to pay the amount if any one of the members dies. Or if anyone runs away right after he receives the six hundred dollars. It is not any easy thing to be a wue leader.

"The matter of procedure is like this. Each month after the first month of the plan, anyone of the members who needs the money marks a certain amount of money in a secret ballot which he hands in to the leader. The one whose amount is the highest is the one who receives the money for that month. Suppose we say that a certain man is the receiver. He won because his ballot is of the amount five dollars. That means for that month he has to pay each one of the members five dollars. Since there are twenty persons, he has to pay out one hundred dollars of his own money to get the six hundred dollars. Since he had to pay back that six hundred dollars through monthly payments, it would appear like he has to lose a hundred dollars of his own money. But he doesn't.

"More often than not anyone who joined in the participation of a wue makes money. The hundred dollars that the man paid out is called the interest. For the next eighteen succeeding months the man will be receiving interest from the other eighteen men who are to receive the six hundred dollars on whatever month they wished. By receiving interest for these eighteen months, the man will receive about the same amount in which he paid out as interest for himself. Or he will get more or a little less depending on the ballots of the succeeding eighteen men.

"This plan is to help people out who are in an emergency. The participants either lose a few dollars or make a few dollars. The last man to receive the money is the real one who makes money. He is the one who is receiving interest all the time. Sometimes the last man makes from a few dollars to over a hundred dollars. This is a good plan to help anyone out. It all depends on the participants. If anyone is dishonest or slow in payment it would throw everything in a mess. The leader does not gain anything in interest. He does not have to pay interest. He gains nothing and he loses nothing. All he has to do is to pay back the amount he borrows. His only worry is of dishonest members.

"I managed to get out of a hole as a result of the wue. Everyone of the members is honest and I did not have any trouble. This plan is a very good one if everybody cooperates and helps. If anyone is found out to be dishonest in a wue, his chance of getting into any future wues is very slight."

The man had heard of another man who started a wue. That man was a leader. One of the members ran away after he had collected the money. The leader was held responsible and he had a hard time getting out of debt. When this man started his six hundred dollars wue, he was afraid that the same thing would happen to him. But he was willing to take the chance because he needed the money so badly. As it happened everything worked out smoothly.

Today the man is still cutting clothes. His two daughters go to grammar school. He expects one to graduate next semester.

The man's ambition is to become a school teacher. But due to lack of financial backing his education is not as complete as he would like it. His father is satisfied if his son becomes a successful business man. But the desire of the son to be a scholar always remained in his mind. Even though he did not have a good education he knew more than others who had a more than adequate education.

Often in the spare time, in his boyhood days, he spent it in reading. And in memorizing the different words. Everyday he read the newspaper and whenever he did not know what a word meant he asked anyone who happened to be nearby. Through his own determination to learn the boy gathered invaluable knowledge from the newspaper, the magazine, the books, and from booklets. During the new year he saved the money offered him by friends and bought a dictionary with it. When he first bought the dictionary he did not know how to use it. He got a friend of his to help him with the using of it.

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And whenever he did not know a word he will almost immediately look it up. By this way he learned many new words. Once he learned them, he always remembered them.

When he was nineteen he got a job as sort of a secretary. He had to make out bills for the boss when he was working for. It was a very easy job but it demanded accuracy. Since this man was accurate in his work, he kept the job for a long while.

When his father died he was the main support of the family. There were days in which he did not know where the next meals were coming from. He had but one brother and one sister. In spite of the small family the amount he earned was hardly enough for the family to get along.

Then his lucky break came for him. He was hired as an assistant teacher at a small school for infants. At that time he was already married. His sister got married to a man from a neighborly village. His brother went into business for himself. So, luckily, for the man, he had only his mother to take care of. His mother came and lived with him and his wife. And you can be sure there was not a quarrel between the wife and the mother.

The man held his school job for many years. Then he was called over here to America by his cousin. His wife remained in the village and the husband over here send some money back once in a while to help with the expenses. And years later he brought his wife over. And now he is working in the dress-making business. During the last few years the business is affected by the recent depression. So was every other business.

Now business is beginning to pick up slowly but surely. And perhaps in the not so far future the business will once more enjoy its former glory.

Meanwhile the man continued with his work, living his life as he thinks it should be lived.

Long ago when I was about six years old, I remembered a family living right next door to us. The family was composed of nine persons. I remembered that they lived up in that house for more than four years.

Now it seems so strange that I am writing a story about them. They were friends of my mother. When they were living next to us, I did not pay much attention to their lives and affairs.

The story about these people is very uncommon. One seldom hears of such a family story.

The nickname of the man is Slim. He is over six feet tall and is very thin indeed. Lanky and gawky. His face is full of enlarged pores that appear to be red. His wife left him for over six years. She took the two smallest children with her, both girls. One son is in China right now. The second son, the oldest son who went back to China when he was a boy is over here now. No one knows where the mother and the two little girls are. Or what they are doing. The father is working with the oldest son. All the other boys are going to school. They all live together in a little four room house which is not big enough to hold everything.

Today the family, or what's left of it, is getting along the best they could. Without the care of a woman the children do not pay any attention to their appearance or the appearance of the house. Things are scattered all over the place. The clothes of the little boy could stand a little washing. They always appear as if they needed bath or a haircut. The father is too busy with his affairs to take care of the children. The children themselves are too lazy to care for themselves.

And in the streets the old women whispered, "Conditions are like that without the care of a woman in the house. It is a pity. The wife is no good or she would not leave her husband. To think that the children could have the courage to go out in the condition they are in. It is too shameful."

Many years ago a family moved out of Fresno to Oakland. They rented a house in Chinatown. The house was big enough to live in although it was not very large. The father had been in the sing-painting business for many years in that town, but he decided to come out to Oakland as the conditions here were better. When he moved out he did not have much money to his name. It happened that we were living right next door to them. The man got acquainted with us. We had a little store right next door to the man's house. The man was finally offered a job to work for us at a small salary. It was enough for him to buy food but was insufficient to pay for the rent, gas, water, and electric. For many months the man borrowed money from us to pay for the bills that he owed the companies. We obliged as we wanted to help the man out. Although we are a large family we were able to lend him money without suffering any ill effects. Month after month the same thing happened. We knew it could not go on forever. So one day the man was told that he must find another job for himself which would give him better pay. He did. He made more money but he did not make enough to pay back his debts to us. It was here that the gambling business helped him out. He bought a ticket one day and he won. He won over a thousand dollars. He paid back all of his debts

to us.

But money was too much of a temptation for him. He was tempted to spend it on things that were unnecessary. It was at this time that money began to destroy him. He began to spend in on opium. He acquired the habit until he was spending more than five dollars a day. Later the price of opium went up and he was spending more than ten dollars a day. The wife was very patient and stood it all out. She knew that it was too late for the man to break his habit. The man began to lose weight and soon he was like a living skeleton. On days that he had no opium to smoke he grew listless and tired and he appeared a little strange. On those days he was very cranky and quarrelsome. The moment he had a little opium he was an entirely different man. He talked, laughed, and chatted with anyone like an ordinary person. But the price of opium was slowly but effectively taking its course. The man's face became and sickly like an anemic. His body was just bones covered by a thin layer of dissipated flesh.

Now the wife was very young and beautiful. She had a fair complexion. Perhaps she was not the type of person to become a wife. She was delicate and charming. Men turned around and looked at her twice when she was taking a walk down the streets. She attracted attention without trying. She had, as the Americans called it, IT. She grew tired of family life and bearing children. She wished to enjoy life while life was young. Her husband although not old in years was old in spirit. All that he cared for now was his opium. Other things in his life was forgotten while puffing away at the curse of the poppy. His ambition, his life, his wife, his family all were but vague memories in his mind while drowsing away at the opium shop.

The wife could not stand the monotony of such a life. She ran away from home with a brother who sympathized with her. However, she later came back to her husband because of the persuasion of the children and the husband. The man promised to break his habit of opium smoking. He did for a week. But the temptation was too great. He went back to the opium again. It was unavoidable.

Now something happened that could reunite this family again. But it did not due to the man's fault. One night while enjoying the hilarious drowsiness of the pipe, the man was arrested in a raid. He was sentenced to six months of jail. Now the wife was happy as she knew that in jail the husband could break his habit. The first few weeks in jail the husband was in a sort of nightmare. Without his smoke he was not himself. He took sick, but day by day and little by little he managed to get along. At the end of six months he was entirely different man. He was once more the strong, virile man again. He gained a great deal of weight. He seemed to be a new man ready for a new life. The wife was extremely happy to see her husband like the former man she once knew.

But once more that old devil, opium, reared its ugly head into the scene. The temptation was urging, pushing, waiting. It beckoned, it urged, and finally it conquered. The man was once again on his way down the road to ruin. This time he will never come back. There will be no more conquering of the habit. This time he was doomed. He was finished. He was dead and yet alive.

The wife was truly disappointed. She left him once more. The

husband started a frantic search for her, but all to no avail. Once in awhile it is said that she was seen with this man and that man. She had become a woman of the streets. Today the family do not speak of her. The father wondered what had become of the two smaller children. The son in China knew nothing as to what happened. Meanwhile the woman continued with her sensualization. The man with his opium, the children continued with their dull lives. All are content to let nature take its course.

The man is 49. He married in China when he was 22. Came over with his wife immediately. All seven children are born in California. Five were born in Fresno. The other two in Oakland.

And so the earth keeps turning and the river flows on, but life good and bad, goes on and on forever.

Over here in America the man worked in the sign-painting business. He took up the profession because he could do that sort of work. After a great success in the business he went back to get married. He brought his wife over and he continued with his business. And here the habit of a typical Chinese came in. He had one child after another. Soon lo and behold there were five. And two more were yet to come. Seven children is just the average number of children in an oriental family. It has been said that every fourth child born in the world is a Chinese.

And that reminds us of something we hear.

A Negro woman had given birth to three children. One of her friends told her that every fourth child born was a Chinese. The woman was terrified. When the friend asked her why, she answered, "I am expecting a fourth child soon."

The man because he had a family was not making enough to support them. He moved out to Oakland thinking that perhaps out here conditions would be better. As it was, it did not make much difference. While the man was foolishly spending his money he did not pay for any of his bills that he owed the food stores. When a certain food store would not allow him anymore credit, he went to another food store and buy from the foods there on credit. When that store would not allow him anymore credit, he went to another store. Soon there was no store which he could buy from on credit.

People understood the situation the man was in and they did not make him pay too fast.

Once again the bad gambling business came to aid him again.

This time he won five thousand dollars. He paid all of his bills. He paid all of his debts. Deducting all of his expenses he got about a thousand dollars left.

Now the man had a grand time spending it all.

Opium, upium, morphine...

These are familiar words in the man's life.

He had injections in his arms. He wasted his time in pleasures.

Life was sweet. Money, opium, lotter, all were enthralling. Pleasures, sex, women, all were desirable. Health, home, children, all were drowned in the web of life.

Life was whirling by, Life was precious. Money was getting scarce. So let us enjoy, let us spend, let us hurry while we have time, while we have life.

Here is a man in whom opium destroyed every belief and almost every strength. And is he the sort of a father to be respected by his sons? What could he teach his sons? Shall he tell them that if they acquired the habit they will be a dried-up and weakened man, like him? Should he tell them that life, home, and children are nothing so long as a person is an opium smoker? What should he teach the, the little innocent persons who remained unspotted by the years. Should he tell them about affairs in which love was murdered? Shall he tell them that life is but a net which is to snare and entangle men with falsified ideas?

Here is a man, a guilty, a polluted person. How could he implore his children to remain as they are? Must he not become a man again?

And the little boys and the little girls, what now?

It was in the lonely night of the cold winter, the rain and the wind covering the city in a cloak of sadness and darkness when she yelled for Mother, her sick and weak voice hardly audible. Her eyes had a dead and frightened look, and so she passed away, my sister Oye Ling.

Somehow I was glad for her, for now after all these long tedious years of suffering she was well, never to suffer pain and torture anymore. I still remembered Oye Ling's white and thin face, her long hair falling down her thin shoulders, dead in her bed, the white sheet and pillow making her whiter still.

It was on that morning that Mother ^{warned} ~~warned~~ us, telling us not to go near Oye Ling. She came out of her bedroom a tired woman, and she said in that strange voice that frightened my brother Quai Fong and I. My brother Quai Fong and I were in the kitchen when Mother said that warning to us.

"Your sister Oye Ling is not well. Don't come near the bedroom. Keep away from it." Then she couldn't speak anymore, and went into the bedroom to tend to my sick sister Oye Ling.

My brother Quai Fong and I listened to Mother, hardly understanding her strange actions, but we saw that weary and hopeless look in her eyes, and we knew then that something unpleasant was going to happen to my sister Oye Ling.

Quai Fong became frightened and said, his eyes filling suddenly with tears.

"Do you think Oye Ling is going to die?"

"Don't say that," I said to my brother, "of course she is going to get well again." I became frightened suddenly and somehow I hoped that I meant what I said. I didn't want my

sister to die.

I remembered that night very clearly, the rain and wind ~~fighting~~ ^{howling} outside, and I heard that peculiar cough of Oye Ling, loud and sickening, echoing through the house in the early dawn. She had been like this for many months, and was steadily growing worse. Three doctors had come to see her, but none wished to tell Mother the truth. But Mother knew, for tried as she did, she betrayed herself that never would my sister Oye Ling ~~was~~ ever to be well again.

Oye Ling used all of Mother's money, every cent that she and Father worked so hard for. Month by month she began to get thinner, until one day when I looked at her in the sun, I became afraid, for I did not realize that this dried up shell was my sister Oye Ling.

Oye Ling never complained. She went about her sick life as if nothing was the matter with her. Sometimes I think she must be in terrible pain, but she did not reveal it to anyone.

There was a large and spacious backyard near the house then, and every single day Mother would roll the bed out into the sunshine, and there my brother Quai Fong and I would play with Oye Ling. She was not coughing then, and she was not so thin as she was in the last few weeks of her short life.

We used to sit in the sun with Oye Ling, my brother Quai Fong and I. She had learned how to play mah jong and cards. I remembered one time when she won a game, and the pale pink color came rushing to her sallow cheeks, then it was gone, and she was pale again.

She was entirely paralyzed then, and her body from her

hips down was entirely paralyzed. She could move her thin pale hands. Oye Ling could not sit up straight, and Mother placed two three pillows on the bed so she could lean upward and see what she was doing.

Mother came out to the backyard sometimes, and she would sit by my sister Oye Ling and said, "What would you like to eat tonight, Oye Ling?" And Oye Ling said in her tired voice, her eyes looking straight into Mother's face, "I want to have fish cooked with tomatoes." And that evening Mother would buy some good ripe tomatoes and cooked them with the kind of fish that Oye Ling likes. Tomatoes were Oye Ling's favorite food, but no matter how much she ate, her face was always green.

It began in a very strange way that sickness of hers. It developed one day quite suddenly. But Oye Ling did not tell Mother until quite a few days after it started. Her legs got so worse that she could not walk. Mother knew then that something very serious was wrong and she said to Oye Ling one day, "How long has your leg been bothering you?"

And Oye Ling said, "For the last two weeks."

Mother said then, "You should tell me about it before it is like this." At that time Mother thought that perhaps the whole trouble would be over soon, but it lingered on for three long years, causing the death of my sister Oye Ling.

First Oye Ling found it very difficult to walk, and she would fall down once in awhile. Mother said that perhaps Oye Ling had sprained some muscles in her legs.

Day after day passed by, and Oye Ling was not better.

She seemed paralyzed all of a sudden. She would sit in the chair, and then she would yell out, "I'm falling, I'm falling." We would rush right in and catch her. When we were slow, she would fall right down into the floor, and there she would be until we gently picked her up.

When Oye Ling's condition began to be serious like this Mother became afraid. She called in a pulse reading doctor then, and he said, "Perhaps she has sprained her leg." And he carried his black sacket and went away, leaving a piece of paper on which were many intricate Chinese words, brushed on with a bamboo brush.

Mother sent me to the Chinese herbalist, and he gathered the prescription together. Mother brewed a strong black tea for Oye Ling. But she did not get well.

One day Quai Fong's Godmother came to visit Mother. She said, "I have heard of some very remarkable tree leaves which are very helpful in such cases. Boil the tree leaves in water and bath Oye Ling's legs with them. She would be well if you do it."

Mother was glad, her eyes shining with hope.

"Where can I get these remarkable leaves," she demanded of Godmother.

Godmother said, "Near Vallejo there are many such trees. I will get them for you soon."

And very soon one day Godmother came into the house carrying a bag of leaves. Mother boiled the leaves in water, and with this water she bathed Oye Ling's legs. But again it did not help my sister Oye Ling.

Oye Ling's legs were now entirely void of feeling. Even

when Mother pinched them with her strong hands, Oye Ling did not feel anything. Her legs were like long pieces of bones, and her flesh were transparent, showing the blue sickish veins underneath.

During those days Mother worried a great deal, doing her best, spending money to help Oye Ling along. The months became years, and Oye Ling still lay in her bed white and pale.

It was during one worried day that Mother decided to call in an American specialist. But Ching Shee, a neighbor who lived upstairs said to Mother, "Do not do it. The American doctor would murder your daughter for you." But Mother realized that she must do something before it is too late. Mother knew that to delay any longer was not good. She called in a doctor, and he came and said, "I will have to take her to the hospital and put some red mud ~~for~~ on her." Mother consented, and she and Oye Ling went to the hospital. Mother stayed with Oye Ling all the time that Oye Ling stayed at the hospital.

Father took Quai Fong and me up to the hospital one day. Mother was crying in the corner of the room. Seeing Mother crying, Quai Fong cried too. Then I began to cry. Oye Ling heard this, and Mother stopped us. I never had forgotten about that day when we all cried at the hospital.

Oye Ling and Mother stayed at the hospital for many months. The red mud had dried on her, making a hard and strong wall on her body. Even at this time Oye Ling could not move her legs.

Oye Ling and Mother came home one day, and we were all glad. But when we saw Oye ling, we became ~~a~~afraid, for she

... then pinched them with her strong hands, eye line did
not feel anything. Her legs were like long pieces of bones,
and her flesh were transparent, showing the fine skeletal veins
underneath.

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best, spending money to help eye line along. The months passed
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about that day when we all cried at the hospital.

Eye line and Mother stayed at the hospital for many
months. The red had had dried on her, leaving a hard and
... in her body. Even at this time eye line could

looked very strange, like a person who was dead, but not entirely so. My brother Qaai Fong was frightened so much, that ~~###~~ he did not wish to go near Oye Ling at all.

Oye Ling slept in Mother's room, and during the last few weeks of her life, Mother did not allow Qual Fong or me to go into her room. We noticed a faint and very offensive odor coming out from the room. Mother was ^{pregnant} then, her stomach sticking out full and round.

Mother was really worried for Oye Ling. She called in another doctor, a very famous doctor this time. He looked Oye Ling over very carefully and said, "Let her eat what she desires. There's nothing to worry about." Mother became suspicious. He demanded the doctor, "She's not going to die, is she?" The doctor avoided the question and said, "Don't worry. I come back again." But he never did come back. After my sister Oye Ling passed away in that lonely night, the doctor told us that he knew that Oye Ling was going to die, only he did not tell us for fear that we might worry too much.

One night Oye Ling acted very peculiar. She cried a little, the first time she had cried. Mother asked her gently, "What is it, Oye Ling?" Oye Ling said, "I cannot ~~###~~ breath very well." Her eyes had a frightened look. Mother opened Oye Ling's dress and saw the (red mud dried) on her, causing her ^{great} ~~#####~~ difficulty in breathing. The red mud somehow had hardened and cut opened a part of her flesh near the lungs.

It was late night then, and Mother borrow^{ed} a small saw and slowly, so as not to hurt Oye Ling, she began to saw away some of the red mud. Oye Ling breathed a little better after that.

One night Mother went to the hospital, and she stayed there for three days. When she came back we saw our new brother. But he was brought back to the hospital immediately. Mother was sick, and her milk was poisonous, and the doctor said that the baby should be brought back to the hospital to be taken care of. Oye Ling was glad to see Mother back.

She developed a terrible and loud cough, spitting up strange color and a little blood. The doctor had given some pills for her, and these pills caused a lot of money, and they helped Oye Ling until she died.

I remembered clearly now how we had to phone three or four times to the drug store to order these pills, and the man who delivered them to us knew that someone was going to die.

It was in the lonely night that she passed away. I cannot forget that night. For on that very day my baby brother Choy came back from the hospital. Mother told me not to bring ~~Choy~~ ^{Choy} into her bedroom.

Choy kept yelling very loudly. He wanted Mother, but Mother was too busy caring for Oye Ling.

It was about three o'clock in the morning that it happened. Oye Ling was coughing loudly that night, very loudly. I became afraid earlier in the evening when she yelled out loud, "Father! Mother!" Then she was calm again. But I never forgot that yelling voice, so full of fear and lament, of death itself.

That night Quai Fong and I, with my baby brother Choy went to bed. It was very dark when I heard Mother's weeping voice, echoing emptily through the house. I knew it had

happened. Somehow no one had to tell me, I just knew. My brother Quai Fong said, "What is the matter?"

I said, "Oye Ling had died."

And I was right. I was sitting in the bed, listening to Mother's ~~said~~^{sad} weeping. I dressed myself very quickly, and I went out to the kitchen. There Father was, standing very quietly, saying nothing.

Then he said, "Your sister Oye Ling had died."

I can hear Mother's wailing voice, very sad, peculiar, lost and empty. My brother Quai Fong came out too, carrying Choy in his small arms.

My brother Quai Fong and I went into the room where Oye Ling died. Her face was drained white. She was a hollow corpse. My Mother sat on the chair near the bed, weeping, wailing her song of death. I did not know what to do. I cried, and then my brother Quai Fong cried. Father wept a little, but he tried not to show it.

Ching Shee heard us, and she came down. She shook her head. And I knew that she thinks that my Mother had murdered Oye Ling, because she had called in an American doctor.

Mother sat at the bedside, weeping for hours. Then she wept and ~~chanted~~^{chanted} a peculiar song, wailing and crying alone. She continued for hours. I became afraid. My brother Quai Fong became afraid. I went back to my room, trying to hide myself under the bed. But I could hear her wailing song of death.

My sister Oye Ling had died, after three long years of torturous illness.

I saw her white face of the death bed. I have never seen a dead person before. I was afraid. I don't want to die.

Morning came grey and sad. Mother was exhausted completely. Her eyes were all red with crying. Many friends gathered at our house, saying very little.

Somehow I cannot forget the white face of Oye Ling.

I cannot forget Mother's song of death.

I cannot forget ^{that} ~~###~~ it was in the lonely night of the winter that it all happened. Now that I remember, I become afraid~~k~~ and I know that I don't want to die.

... I cannot forget the white face of the king.

I cannot forget Mother's look of death.

... it is all happened. Now that I remember, I come

... and I know that I don't want to die.

We have written about wantons, about gambler, about women who have lost their honor because of men so that the reader will probably think that the Chinese are a very bad lot. The reason that we wrote about those people is because they interested us so immensely.

We said that the Chinese came over here to work, to study, and some to visit. Others are here for other reasons. Some are here because of unfortunate circumstances. Like the strange story which we wrote not so long ago called The Strange Women. Not only in the lives of the Chinese do such things happen. In every country, in every city, in every land, society is faced with problems of crime and sex which baffle authorities who try to make their communities safe and decent places for the people to live in.

Another reason why we like to write about these uncommon and rather shocking tales, is because they are so uncommon and unheard of that they should be of rather great interest to many of us. Many times we have written stories told to us by someone else. Although we are not talking directly to the person we are writing about, nevertheless we are able to get a true and correct account of the life of the person we are writing about through well informed authority. We do not like to do too much of this but we have a weakness for the doing of these things. So we do them.

This story is about a woman whose story parallels the story of The Strange Woman to a certain degree. But there are great differences between the lives of the two persons

Now this woman does not know we are writing this story about her. Perhaps it does not matter so very much. She is going back to China in a few days. Once gone, she can never come back here again. So it does not matter even if we write about it.

Now I do not know this woman at all. I saw her once in awhile in Chinatown. She was always with another woman when she went out. Now this woman was really beautiful. Skin as soft as velvet, but not so thick at least. Her complexion is creamy-pink. Absolutely flawless as far as the naked eye is concerned. She was dressed in the most modern of Chinese styles. And on her hands she had two huge diamond rings. And on her ears she had two huge pearl earrings. She also had a solid gold chain necklace around her delicate neck. And also she had bracelets and a wrist watch.

One day I was rather surprised to see her at our house. She was with the other woman. That other woman knew my mother slightly. And that certain day she happened to come over to Oakland and she dropped in for a visit. Now none of us in our family knew this beautiful woman. Some of us knew her by sight, but not by name.

I just came home that day after seeing "Little Men" at the Central theatre. It was raining and the weather was very cold. I came home and found the two women warming themselves around the fireplace talking about this and that. It was about half past nine and someone suggested that we play mah jong. Since the two women are staying overnight in Oakland anyhow, they said that they would remain for the game. Now there was not enough for a foursome so my mother told me to play. And I did.

About twelve o'clock we finished and my brother had to accompany the two ladies back to where they were staying, because they were afraid of the darkness.

Now the next week, on a Sunday afternoon she came over too. I became interested in her, goodness no, not in that way, but in the sense that I wondered what kind of life she led and what kind of work she did. Since I was working in this work, I thought perhaps I could get some information and write a story about her. Imagine my surprise when I was told it would absolutely never do to question her about her life. It simply would never do.

For her life too, was determined by unfortunate circumstances. And the story as told to us is like this:

"It was ten years ago that this happened. At that time the girl was only sixteen years of age. Now at that time in San Francisco there was an old woman who was running one of those places that respectable people do not speak of. She wanted more girls for the place. So she paid a huge amount of money over to a certain young man in order that he might help her out. The young man got the money. His mission was to go back and bring a girl over here. That is, he had to promise to marry the girl. He went back and he brought this young girl over here. He brought her to that place. He told the girl that that was the place where his god mother lived. He left the young girl there and then he ran away into the country.

"The girl was left alone in the care of the old woman.

She did not know what to do. She was waiting for the young man who promised to marry her. Soon, as the days went by she knew what had happened to her. She was very unhappy. But she had no choice. She did what she was told, but she was very unhappy while doing this sort of work. Many young men got to know her very well. One of them sympathized with her. He knew how she must have suffered. Soon the girl came to trust this young man. She told him the story of her life. And the young man felt sad for her. He decided to help her get out of the mess. Because he was so very sorry for the girl.

"The young girl was happy. All the time that she was doing this sort of work, inside of her she rebelled against it. The sooner that she got out of this sort of life, the happier she would be. So the young man had the old woman arrested. And the young man who brought the girl over here was sentenced to five years in jail.

"The young girl went into a certain institution. A sort of a school, but without much freedom in it. Now there was another man who lived in the country who knew this girl. He liked her very much. He wanted to marry her.

"While the girl was spending her days in the school she said to herself that life was cruel. Unjust. Pitiful. She decided that men were just animals, savages. All they cared for were pleasure and beauty. And they did not care how they got it. Slowly but steadily the young lady formed in her mind that someday somehow she

would revenge and enjoy herself at the expense of men. So when the man from the country offered to marry her she accepted. She did not love him at all. For what is love to her after all these years of hell and torture. She would use all of his money, make him buy her jewels and diamonds and then she would run away from him and get another man. And then she would do the same to him. And all the time she would be enjoying herself at their expense.

"Before the girl could come out of that school the young man had to pay a bail. Then the girl came out. She married the man from the country. And they moved into the country to live. There the man had a good business. And he made a lot of money.

"The young lady had jewels, money, and clothes. She just spent and spent and the man bought her whatever she wished.

"After a year and a half of living with this man she got tired of him. She wanted to leave him. The man was shocked. The young lady came out to San Francisco alone. The man was frantic. At San Francisco the young lady made the acquaintance of another man. This man had money, he is what the Americans would call a "sugar daddy." The young lady liked him a lot. At that time she was only a little over twenty years of age. The sugar daddy was well in the forties.

"She later married this man. and that man had to pay over to the man in the country a big sum of money before he would allow the other man to marry his former wife. And as with her former husband she had money, she had jewels, and she had clothes.

And she stayed over at a girl friend's house four time a week. The new husband did not like it. They began to have quarrels. First once a week, then two or three times a day. Soon nothing can be done and the lady left that man.

"She was out free again and ready to prey upon another man with plenty of wealth. She found him soon. This time it was an Oakland man. Yes, he too was very wealthy. He was old. Not too old, but he was fifty-one. She married him. And there was a lot of trouble. But that was peacefully settled after a great deal of difficulty.

"Now while she was in Oakland, she went over to San Francisco very often. This her husband did not like so much. They began to quarrel. There was no harmony in the home. During all this time the woman had accumulated a great amount of jewels and money. Whenever she wanted money to spend she always asked the man for it. Even though she had a lot of her own money she did not spend it.

"She always asked the man for money. First the man allowed her so much a week. But as the weeks went by she demanded more and more. Soon the man asked why she wanted so much, she had not much expenses since he bought everything for her. The woman threatened to leave the man if he did not comply with her wishes. So the man gave the woman what she wished for a few weeks more. Then he realized that that would never do. So he stopped his allowances until the lady decided to take less. The woman would not. She wanted that much and she is going to get it.

"So they quarreled and quarreled. And then the lady told the

man to send her back to China because she did not like to live here any more. She did not want a divorce because there was too much trouble. She had been married so many times. And separated so many times. So the man decided to send her back to avoid all the bitter quarrels they had been having. Now the lady bought a great deal of new and high-priced furniture. Since she was going back she sold it all to her friends at a much lower cost than what she originally paid for them. She sold many of her jewels and rings without letting her husband know anything about it.

"In China what is going to happen to her no one knows. Perhaps she would continue with her search for more men to take money away from or perhaps she would change over and reform. No one knows. Meanwhile it is hoped that everything would come out for the best."

And so here we have another one of those stories which we like to write so much about. As we said before, after all this writing about unfaithful men and women one would think that most Chinese are like that.

But they are not.

Perhaps in the near future we will write about the prince and the princess who live happily hereafter. And we will cover the story with an abundance of sugar and sweetness.

At least it will be a change for us. For those who are puritanical will like that sort of cream puff stories. Delicate and charming.

But we would rather take strong red meat stuff. Yes sir.

The story of this woman is rather strange and unusual. Because it is only once in a blue moon that we hear of a Chinese woman who married two or three times. In fact it was said that she married four times. Very soon, in a few days, she will sail away from America. She will never come back, because she cannot. She will go back to the land wherefrom, about eleven years ago, she came over here with the intention of marrying a young man. What thoughts there are in her mind, what sufferings in her eyes, one will never guess.

She must be rather unhappy after what has happened to her. But perhaps after all these long years she has forgotten what unhappiness is. Perhaps she is having a lot of fun chasing around from one person to another. Perhaps not.

In China she might change over. But it is doubtful.

She is another of the many whose life is broken and perhaps ruined because of events that happened to her. Not that it was her fault at all. Like La Esmeralda in one of Hugo's stories she too is like a spider caught in its own web. And the web is life itself.

But there is a chance that the spider might get out of it.

Jon Lee

How many of the Chinese men over here are famous? Very few. Which one could compare favorably with Confucius or Mencius? Or are we asking too much? It seems that the average Chinese man is content as long as he is able to make a living and raise a family. As long as they have a means of making a living and enough to support a few children, they considered themselves as lucky. So it is not strange that almost everyone is living just an average life. None ~~are~~ famous in the field of science like Pasteur. None is famous in the field of literature like Sinclair Lewis or Pearl Buck. Nor ~~are~~ there any who is as famous as Admiral Byrd.

But how could they make a name for themselves when they are not ~~not~~ brought up with the aim of making themselves famous. They are satisfied with raising a family and working for a living. Very few of them would care to spend years in research to find results in the interesting few of chemistry. How many of the average Chinese women would care to work and labor year after year in the discovery of radium like Madame Curie. Just a few or perhaps, more truly, none. So it is not strange that we have no one who could stand in the Hall of Fame beside Shakspeare, Milton, Washington, Napoleon, Millikan and a vast scores of others.

We have generals and political leaders, but most of them could be considered as demagogues. So to have anyone who could make a name for himself in the various art, that person must come from this present generation. That person must have the opportunity to learn, to think, and to concentrate.

True, in the olden days we have a great deal of famous men like the famous king that built the great wall. But he was a scoundrel according to history textbooks. He was stupid enough

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is a general introduction to the subject

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So to know anyone who did anything out of the ordinary we consider as a little strange and perhaps a little odd. All of the people we know live a so called routine life. Ordinary. We would like to hear of a Chinese Gertrude Stein if such a thing is possible. And then perhaps we would hear such things as: The grass, the tall green grass, the tall shorter green grass, the short taller green grass, the grass, the grass, the green grass, the grass, the grass. Ahem.

That is to say we will be stunned if we know anyone who does not have any children, who is not born in a village, who is not ~~married~~ ^{married} and have a long line of "brats", who does not work for a living, who does not play mah jong, and who does not wish to go back and kick the bucket. Pardon the slang.

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In China we have the pulse reading doctors. They are the most common. Some, a few of them, have the good opportunity to be educated in America and their business and equipment are up to date. Some conduct their business half-Chinese half-American.

And the story of this lady is in the latter group.

She is thirty-five years of age. Her husband is forty-one. They have no children of their own, only an adopted daughter. They are rich people as far as Chinese is concerned.

The ambition of this woman ever since she was a little girl was to become a doctor. Her parents were so surprised at her aim that they did everything they could do to block her from becoming a physician. A woman doctor? It was a shame. But that did not stop the girl from going through ^{with} what she planned.

The parents could do nothing and they finally consented to let the daughter do what she wanted. Now the parents today are glad that they did let their daughter go through with her plans for today the daughter is considered the finest doctor in Nam Long Hur.

The young lady began to read books about medicine and anything pertaining to the medical profession. She studied under a special doctor and she went to three years of medical school. She is not a surgeon or a doctor of great reputation. Her main job is to care for woman during the time of pregnancy and at childbirth.

Besides being a doctor ^{this} ~~the~~ woman is a tailor. And she made a great deal of money in that profession.

This woman great ambition was to become a great doctor in a big city. But she could not because she was not allow to do it. She did not have enough education to become a ~~great~~ great doctor.

But for her to work and conduct her business in a little town was all right. When the woman saw how the women in the villages suffered she said to herself that money was not the important thing to her. She wished to ease the sufferings from the faces of the villagers. Her husband worked in Hong Kong. He owned a leather goods store. He came home once a year for a vacation. The combined incomes of the husband and wife were enough to make anyone jealous.

Naturally the adopted daughter had many privileges that other girls of her age missed. She studied under a private tutor. One of the most noted. She is fourteen years of age. Although she is the adopted daughter of a rich man she is not spoiled in any way.

The woman doctor does not prescribe herbs. She uses American medicine. Once in a month she goes to Shanghai to buy medical supplies. She has not lost a single baby or mother during her entire career.

During her entire life, the doctor had not much time for leisure. Often she was called up in the middle of the night to attend a sick person or an expectant mother. She was a very popular person in the town. Whenever anyone got married or if there was any sort of entertainment she had to be present. And in her spare time she cut and sew clothes. She had very little time for rest or recreation.

And year after year the doctor carried on with her work. Always the desire to open an office in the big city stayed in the mind of the woman. But it will always remain a dream to her.

After all perhaps it was for the best that the woman is conducting the business in the small town. She did not have much competition. In the big cities there was a great deal of competition going on. In the town of Nam Long Hur she was the most famous doctor they had.

Now this doctor had a great desire to come to America. She did not want to come to work. She already made a great deal of money in China. She saved up this money for a trip over here. She came over with her husband. They lived in San Francisco.

The daughter stayed in China.

During her stay in the city she went and visited many hospitals to see what they were like.

The woman's special job was to take care of expectant mothers. She made her own cough medicine. She could take care of people who had a cold or who was suffering from a slight illness.

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She did not understand why the people in the city suffered from so many illness. Appendicitis, tuberculosis, and cancer. These are the most common diseases in America today.

She related some of the things about China.

"When I arrived in America I understood that as soon as the child is of age, they had their tonsils taken out. In China we never had such things. All of the children grew up with their tonsils. They did not have to take them out. Without^{out} perhaps it was for the best to have the tonsils taken out. But some of the children were not worst off because they did not have theirs extracted."

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The woman told about life in the town.

"I always had friends come to my house for dinner. Three times a week the people from the neighborly villages came into town to buy food and commodities for the people in the village. The people came into town on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. On these days there was always some people who came to the house. We had celebrations and everybody enjoyed themselves.

"On New Year's Day I received many gifts from my patients. These gifts run from duck eggs to fancy home-made cakes. Many of these patients did not pay me for my work. And their gifts ^{were} ~~is~~ to show their appreciation for what I have done to them.

"I went to school in Canton City. At that school there were seventy pupils studying to become doctors. All of them pass^{ed} except two of them. I graduated in three years. All of the other students graduated much later. Generally speaking no one could become a doctor with but three years of education. But I studied hard and earnestly and the school let me get through in three years.

"America is so up to date. I marveled at the modern equipment. The X-rays, the violet rays, the infra-red rays. The hospitals are so well equipped.

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She was the most famous student in that medical school. She graduated from that school in the least amount of time. She thinks that America is a fine place to live in and a very good place to work. People over here gets good wages, she thinks.

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She is returning next year to China to continue her work. She does not think that being a doctor means giving up the pleasures and fun of life. She likes the work very much. Ever since she was little she wanted to become a doctor. And now that she had become one she does not think that her decision was wrong.

The husband when he came over with his wife left his store in the care of his brother. In Hong Kong, the store is one of the finest in the city. Every year when the husband went back to the town to visit his wife he left the store in trust of his partner.

This woman was the most famous doctor they had in the town. Before the woman settled in that time some old man gave advice to the sick. The advice that these old men gave were things that were told to them by their forefather.

Some of the things that they advised were ginger and pepper cooked in rice. Young cats for people who ^{did} not have much luck in business affairs. Snakes and dogs and an agglomeration of ugly and odd things.

When this woman came to the town she told the people to abolish the odd doings. Many took her advice. Some did not.

It is a fortunate thing that this little town had the services of this doctor. She is bringing newer life and teaching the inhabitants to drop their superstition.

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Exhibit on 822 20, 40, 100

Although there were no trade relations between the two
countries until the late 18th century, the border was established
along the mountain range and on many miles, until 1911, and
that there was no police to prevent entry through the
border and maintain order between these regions. During
the early 19th century wave of order Chinese migration to the
west at the time of the century, this migration back
of immigration has increased and was not back until
1904. An armed and mounted guard was employed to
patrol the whole border from El Paso to the Colorado
river for the ^{sole} purpose of preventing illegal Chinese
immigration.

In 1911 a mounted guard patrol was established
by the U.S. Department of Immigration to stop illegal
entry of all Chinese, irrespective of race. In 1924 this
force was expanded into the present Border Patrol,
a larger and much more efficient organization.

Many few Chinese were known to cross the
border illegally by these patrols until 1925 when the

VII 30 752

The Life Story of a Boy

Many times we have heard of the saying that truth is stranger than fiction. Perhaps nothing could verify this better than the life story of this boy.

Those of us who read the books of Pearl Buck know that she is an authority on Chinese life. [In her book, "Sons",] she shows us the conflict of the bandits and the poor farmers. Also in the same book she describes the looting, the lust, the killing, and the desires of the roving bandits. Through her books we are fascinated by the adventure, the excitement of the story. But it seems to me that to know a person who had been through adventures more or less parallel to the story "Sons" is still a greater adventure.

This boy is about eighteen years old. I knew him when he was living across the street from us at the time we were living on Webster Street. He was born in China, and this was a fact that I never knew until he told it to me not so long ago.

[And then and only then that I knew that his life story is more thrilling than some of the books I have been reading.]

It happened that I was talking to this boy one day. I have no intention of interviewing him. I was talking to him asking him if he knew anyone that I could talk to. I was telling him what I was doing. I think that he never intended that I write a story about him. But it was one of those things that just happened. He talked and I listened. Before he completed his narrative I knew that he could supply me with material in plentitude.

And the story he unfolded was so real that it was all the earmarks of a tale that is not true.

He lived in a little village called Gan Tow in Canton. He was barely seven when he came over to America. The whole story that he told to me was told to him by his father. The boy could not remember much because he was so young at the time.

His father was born over here in America. And like the majority of the Chinese at that time he went back to China to get married. Over here in America he was working in the dry goods business. And little by little he saved enough to go back.

He married and a few years later a son was born to them. In China whenever a son is born there was great rejoicing. The years rolled by one after another. The father then decided to come over to America. He was bringing his entire family over.

An incident took place then. And as a result of this incident the father made a final decision to come over. Perhaps

if this had not happened the family today might still be living in China.

Even today the boy's mother is effected by what happened and she does not know when she would be able to free herself of the obligations which came as a result of the happening.

In China in the olden days bandits roamed the countryside. They made it a specialty to loot the little tiny villages because they knew possitively that the people could not offer any sort of resistance. These bandits roamed around in groups. Most of them were poor people. And banditry was more or less their life work. And whenever a horde of bandits swooped down upon a tynny village, the people had just as much chance as a craft on a dark and stormy sea.

The village of Gan Tow was another one of the remote villages that one finds so much of in China. The population did not exceed a few hundred. The poorer people lived in little wooden shacks. The more prosperous lived in brick-built houses. And that alone would be enough to give the occupants away as people of wealth.

Rumors were floating around my mouth chatter that a group of bandits had attacked a neighboring village. The people lived in little wooden shacks. The people in Gan Tow hoped and prayed to the earthen gods that they might be spared any unfortunate visits by these bandits to their village.

But all to no avail. One morning in early dawn the bandits rode down upon the village and caught it completely unaware. In spite of the fact that the people there knew that the bandits would be coming, they were caught off their guard. Nevertheless many had the good fortune to be able to escape.

The majority of the people were asleep at the time. The Boy's father was awakened by the noise and chatter of the bandits. Instinct told him not to look and find out what it was that was causing all the noise. He knew--he acted. He took the little boy up on the roof. There was a secret way up there that no one knew except members of the family. The boy's mother was asleep at the time.

The father learned by the rumor that the bandits did not capture any women from the neighboring villages. But unfortunately this time they did. In his haste to escape the father had completely forgotten his wife. He thought that the bandits would leave as soon as they had looted the village. But again he was wrong.

The bandits looted the whole village, burned all the store houses, kidnapped and captured every single person who did not escape. Many who departed from the village never saw it again.

In his excitement in escaping the father dropped the little boy off the roof. The boy was almost killed. However, he got well. The bandits left. The father came down. The furniture in the house were all broken. The servants were missing. His wife was missing.

The father sat there alone and did not know what to do. He had a little money and wished to get his wife back. But he knew that he would need a great deal more before he could be able to pay the ransom.

Many days passed by. There was no news as to what had happened to the captives.

The father was worried. The blood and the bodies were still visible to the eyes. The whole village was a hollow and desolate place.

The bandits came back four times. And every time the little nook on the roof top saved the life of the boy and the man. The boy's mother was hidden away on a distant hill.

Immediately after the fourth visit of the robbers the boy and the man moved over to Sak Kay. This city was larger and the bandits rarely or never visited it.

The father was making all sorts of negotiations with the bandits but all were no use. He could not reach them directly.

~~month~~
A month sped by.

During this time the father had met a man who knew another man who knew the bandits. And it was through this man that the father paid over the money and got his wife back.

"And when my mother got back she was just a gaunt skeleton. We lived in Sak Kay until my mother got well. My father borrowed all of his money in order to get my mother back. We were wiped out of our fortune and my father decided to come over and start anew."

Thus ended this boy's early childhood in China.

I wanted to know about his life over here and I asked him, "just what have you been doing since you came over?"

"We lived in San Francisco when we first came over. My two brothers were born over there. My mother worked day in and day out sewing clothes. My father managed to get a job working in the dollar store. I went to school in San Francisco. A few years later my family moved over to Oakland. My father worked in the Dollar store in Oakland. Right now he is still working there. My mother continued with the sewing. I sold papers on the street corners. My father and mother make just enough to live on. My mother let me keep my own money and she let me do what I wish with it."

"Do you sell papers now?" I questioned him.

"I have been selling papers for the last two years. I managed somehow to save enough to buy myself a radio. I even took out a policy in life insurance which I paid for myself. Instead of paying quarterly premiums, I pay my premiums once a year. Every summer I go into the country and pick fruits. And during the school semesters I work at different school jobs. By doing all this work I am making enough money for expenses and yet have enough to spend for pleasure."

"What do you do in your spare time?"

"On school days I do not have much time. I work after school. I do not go to the Chinese school."

"What do you do for pleasure?"

"Twice a week I go to my friend's house to play mah jong (the good old reliable game). We play just for the fun of it. I never play for money. I am a regular movie fan. I go to the shows on the average of about two or three times a week. I read books and I enjoy swimming. I play tennis every morning on Saturdays and Sundays at the First Avenue Park."

"Tell me about your work in the country."

"Every summer I go into the country with a group of boys. The year before last I went into a little town near Grass Valley. Last year I went into Courtland. This summer I went to the same place also. Years ago a person could make from fifty to a hundred dollars by picking fruit. Now a person is fortunate if he could make fifty dollars. This summer I went into the country too late. When I reached there the people were already started. I worked there a few weeks and I came out to Oakland. I went into another little town where I worked for a few days. I managed to make just a few dollars. Then I came out here again and I went into another little town where I worked there a few days. By this time School was almost beginning. Although I made about forty dollars altogether. It was through this work that I managed to pay my insurance premium."

"Is the work very hard?"

"To me it is not very hard. I have been used to it. Some of the boys that went in with me complained about the pain in their back and shoulders. All of us have to get up early in the morning. The first thing we do was to eat rice. And then we started work almost immediately. We worked until five in the evening. Because of the fact that we have to get up early, we sleep very early. In the evening the group of boys and myself played bridge. It was in the country that I learned how to play mah jong. Sometimes we have a day off and we do not have to work. On Sundays we do not work at all. During the days that we were off the boys and I went into the neighboring town to see a motion picture."

"Why did you quit your newspaper work?"

"When I was going to the grammar school and the junior high school I did not have much homework to do. But when I started to go to high school I needed the time to do my work. It was for this reason that I quit my newspaper work. Instead of doing that I worked at a school job. I have to work after school for only an hour or two. Of course I do not make as much as I would if I had continued with my newspaper work."

~~Although~~
Although that this was enough questioning on my part about him so I changed the subject and asked him about his father.

"Do you remember what year that you and your father and your mother came over?"

"I do not know definitely what year I came over. I think it was around 1925. I cannot remember anything about the trip at all."

"How old ^{was} ~~is~~ your father and mother?"

My father is fifty three and my mother is thirty four. My small brother is nine years old and my other brother is almost 11 years old.

"The real reason for your father coming over is because of the bandits, is it not?"

"It is, and of course he came over here to make a living. And in spite of the fact that we are over here for a good many years we are still in debt. Somehow we do not make enough to pay back all of the money that my father borrowed from his friends to pay for the ransom of my mother."

He continued, "my mother is always sick. Already in the past few years she had three major operations. It's a wonder how she every time lives through them. But the moment she gets well she works just as hard as ever. I have worked quite hard for a boy, but the outside of a few colds and some little small ailments I never and any major illness."

"What do you plan to do after you finish high school?"

"My father wants me to go back to study. Perhaps for a few years. And they say I could come over again if I wish. Or I could stay back there and work there. I wish to be a mechanic. Perhaps an aviator. I would like very much to be and go to a mechanical school."

By talking to this boy I knew that he did not have an easy life. He knows hardship and suffering. And because of that I know that he will be successful in whatever he wishes to do. He told me also that his father and mother plan to return to China someday and settle there permanently.

He said, "before I end my story I wish to tell you something quite humorous and yet rather sad. My father told me that when I was about two years old I was engaged to a girl baby who was about nine months old. In some of the more remote places of China in those olden days the parents planned the marriage of their sons and daughters away ahead of time. If I had stayed in China, by now, I would probably have married her. As it is, today she is married to another man, and I do not remember her at all. This incident is funny to me because it is so quaint. Sad, because it still shows the backwardness of our country. I have no doubt that even today many marriages are planned that same way."

Thus did this boy end his life story. I was fascinated by his whole life. By comparing his life to mine I know that I have missed a lot of excitement and adventure because of the fact that I was born here.

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An Interview With a Boy

This boy is now seventeen years of age. He went back to China when he was twelve years old. His birthplace is America. He stayed in China for four years. Many would think that a boy of seventeen would not have much to tell. But I knew this boy before he went back to China. I was sure I could get a lot of information out of him.

This boy was in the fifth grade at the Lincoln School before he went back. He went to a little mission school on sixth street where he learns the Chinese language for the mere sum of twenty-five cents a month. The health of this boy was not very good. And his mother decided that the change of climate would do him good. The boy suffered from a continuous cough that had his mother worrying all the time. He was strong and sturdy and full of vitality but nevertheless his mother was worried about him.

He went back to study and also for his health. When he came over again he was well again. But he was disappointed that he did not learn very much.

He has a grandmother in China who was alive at the time. She lived in a little hamlet which translated in English would sound something like Ho Chung.

First when he went back to China, he went to school in the village. But his mother over here in America was dissatisfied with the results as her son could not write a letter to her in the native language. The boy later went to another school where food and board were provided to the students.

The boy grew lonely and later after a few months stay at that school he went back to the village to study. His mother over here in America could not do anything about it. The boy's grandmother like the boy back at the village because he could be near her. And since the boy was the son of her son she treated him nice. The mother here thought that the grandmother was spoiling the boy. And when she received a letter from her brother telling her that her son was going around with bad company, she immediately made the boy come over to America.

This boy missed many years in the English school and when he came over to America, he has to start in the sixth grade. If he hasn't gone back to China, he would be in high school now. Right now this boy is attending the Westlake Jr. High School. He is in the low ninth grade.

When he came over after his stay in China, he was very thin. When asked why, he answered that the schools where he went did not provide enough food to the students.

It is a little over a year now since he came over and the only change that has come over him is that his cough is completely gone and that he is much taller.

I wanted to know about his early life in America and his life in China so I asked him, "Do you remember anything about your childhood that is interesting?"

"Well, he said, " I always remember that my mother looked upon me as a bad boy. Whenever I had a fight with my brother she always took the side of my brother. She even sent me to the Chung Mei Home in Berkeley. It is a home where they take in both Americans and Chinese boys. My mother thought that by sending me there I would come out a good boy. Once a week we go to see a picture show. We play everything that is interesting. And each one of the boys takes turn in working. I have enough to eat, but my mother buys extra food and sends it once a week. After a month's stay at that place I was so lonely that my mother finally took me out."

Then I ask him what education he received before going back to China.

"I was never a good student, I am frank enough to say that most of my time at school is just time wasted. I went to the mission school after the English classes. The woman who taught school there was a missionary. She charged the students only a quarter a month. Considering the price, it was a whole lot better than most of the other schools."

"Do you remember anything about your trip back to China?"

"I went back on the President Cleveland. And like most any other oriental, I went back on the steerage class. I went alone. There was no one on the boat that I knew. I felt very strange during my first days on the boat. The first day that we put out to sea I immediately felt seasick. For two or three days I could not eat. There was a man on the boat who was considerate enough to write to my mother and let her know how I was. I have him the address and during the rest of the trip he was a very close friend of mine. I arrived in China just before the New Year. In fact when I reached there preparations were already being planned to receive me. Besides my trunk and clothes I have four boxes of things. Most of these were useful articles such as soap, pins, and all sorts of other things. I also brought a bicycle back and the people in the little village where my grandmother live just marveled at it."

"How are the people back there. Are they any different from the people in America?"

"The people there are more particular in their manners. They are more polite. And there are all sorts of uncles, aunts, cousins, friends, and relatives. And if a person made a mistake such as calling a person by the wrong term he is considered as impolite and stupid. Over here in America the Chinese are much more informal in their greetings. The little village where I lived still is considered a remote place. It is not very large. Yet it is not so small."

"Did you do any sort of work during your stay in China?"

"Most of my time was spent either at school or at the village. My uncle owns a little store where I drop in sometimes

when I have nothing to do. While I was at the village I had good opportunity to observe all sort of strange customs in the holidays. They are strange and at the same time very fantastic. But all very fascinating. I never take part in the proceedings."

"How are the living conditions back there?"

"There is not much difference in the living conditions between here and there. People would probably do the same thing here as they would over there. In China the people play mah jong almost everyday. Hardly a day pass by that the people do not play. And the people do not sleep early. The earliest the sleep is around eleven o'clock. When there are guests on holidays they would play mah jong to early dawn, or they would play dominoes."

"Did you visit any place while you was in China?"

"I visit many places in China. I also visit Honolulu When i was going back to China. I visitied the Pineapple factory there. I bought some of the pineapples on board. The next day we were on our way to Japan. It took the boat ten days before it reach Tokyo. I didn't go ashore. The next day we were on our way to Shanghai.

"I arrived in Shanghai about a few days later. I went ashore to see some of my friends. My friends had a party ready for me. After the party we went to a Chinese show. I have to gon on board after the show. The boat was sailing for Hong Kong. My Uncle met me in Hong Kong. That night I lived in a hotel. My grandmothers village was in Canton.

"I have anuncle who lives in Ski Kay. He is a successful doctor. Everyone in Ski Kay depends on him. My aunt is a doctor also. When I was sick my uncle took care of me."

"I had a happy time in China in December 1931. It was my uncle's daughter wedding. I went to the party and saw many friends there. Some of the guests stayed at my uncle's house for thee or four days because in China they celebrated the wedding for three or four days.

"In my home town they haven't any automobiles. So they have to carry the bride in a chair. It was all so strange and it was the first time that I saw a weeking in China.

"In 1931 I began to feel homesick. Most of my friends came over to California. And I was left alone. I told my father that I wished to come back and he told me that I could. I came back on a new boat that was making its first journey. When I came back my mother told me that my sister was oing to be married. I laughed and siad that I had a wedding party in China and Now I am going to have one in California."

"You have a pretty exciting boyhood."

"Yes but when I came over I have to start all over. When I graduate from Westlake, I am going to high school. I hope to go to College. I plan to be a mechanic. I hope to go back to China and open a mechanic shop. In China there are only a few people who know how to do anything dealing with mechanics.

And here we have a boy who plans in the future to go back to his own country to open a shop. He is another person that I have interviewed who wishes to go back to China.

1. 66-67	—	2 ✓
3. 85-90	—	6 ✓

~~249-252 (?)~~

~~274-2~~

6. 345-351	—	7 ✓
9. 401-404	—	4 ✓
10. 505-512	—	8 ✓
14. 565-570	—	6 ✓
16. 594-596	—	3 ✓
17. 688-693	—	6 ✓
18. 694-701	—	8 ✓

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2. 79-84	—	6 ✓
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4. 205-209	—	5 ✓
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5. 306-310	—	5 ✓
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7. 321-325	—	5 ✓
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8. 390-396	—	7 ✓
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11. 521-529	—	9 ✓
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~~565-570~~ — 6

15. 576-582	—	7 ✓
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12. 550-552	—	3
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13. 553-560	—	6
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To be eliminated.

Miss Eastland
Mrs. Corey

10/4

The Miracle Flower

In the olden times long ago, there lived an old woman who was very poor, and when the time came for her to die, she called her only child, a son, to her death bed, and she said unto him, "After I die, you must bury me in a cool comfortable place. Then when darkness comes, you must come to my grave alone, and you must not let anyone see you. On top of my grave you will see a small flower. Pluck this flower and you must forever keep it in your possession. This miracle flower will bring you much luck and fortune, and you must always remember that." And saying that, the mother passed away. The faithful son wept long and hard at the bedside.

Then following his mother's instruction, he buried her, and when the night came, he went alone to the grave. There he bowed a few times before the grave. When he looked down upon the grave, he saw a small flower spring up, and it was a pure and beautiful one. Plucking the flower, and guarding it carefully, he came home.

In the days that followed, he thought often of his life, and one day he decided that only by going out into the world would he be able to get any opportunities. So taking possession of the flower, he journeyed into the outer world. While on the way, he suddenly came upon a wounded wolf on the roadside.

"And what could be the matter with you, lying there on the road?" the boy demanded.

13 no off.

three golden swans. If you could change the other swans into human beings again, I shall marry you as your wife."

The youth listened to all this, and he said, "I shall go forward and rescue your two sisters. You wish to come to come with me too."

The girl was very happy, and she followed the youth along. Very soon they came upon the hill where the dragon dwelled.

And she said, "This is the hill where the dragon lived. And my two sisters are in capture inside. In order to capture the dragon, it is necessary to break down this hill. You must break it down!"

The youth pondered for a long time, and he thought: How could one person like me be able to wreck such a mountainous hill? Then suddenly he remembered what the little man told him, and he took out the beard, and gave it one blow. Immediately there came into view the midget king and many little men.

The midget king said, "You call us forth to help you wreck this hill, is it not?" The youth nodded.

The king said, "You do not have to take part in this. Just stand at the side and watch us wreck the hill." Then he gave forth a signal, and the many men worked like one and lifted the hill up. They made a big hole on the side of the mountain. Out of the cave now there came two golden swans, and the youth picked up his gun and shot at them. Quickly they changed into two beautiful girls. The three sisters were then reunited and they rejoiced gladly.

When they came out to the house of tin, the midget king said, "I shall give you a gun. This gun always shoots straight to its mark, and never misses." The youth thanked the king for all the valuable gifts given to him.

Before he left, the little midget whose life had been saved, came up to the youth and said, "Over yonder there is a hill where an old fierce dragon dwells. This dragon has captured three human beings. If you come across this dragon, just blow on the beard which was given to you, and I shall come immediately to your aid." The youth understood, and he took his leave of the midget.

He continued on his journey, and while on the road, the flower spoke out again, "Take me out quickly", and this the youth did. The flower flew straight ahead, and the youth followed right after. He kept following the flower until nightfall when he reached the edge of a great pond. He rested himself on the bank of the pond. He noticed three golden swans on the water. The youth raised his gun and aimed at the smallest of the swans. And he killed it. The other two became frightened and flew away. The dead swan suddenly blossomed forth into a beautiful girl, and she came to the side of the youth and said, "Thank you very much for shooting me. I am now become a person again."

The youth did not understand, and he demanded of the beautiful girl, "I do not understand".

The girl said, "I was originally a daughter of the king nearby. I and my other two sisters were captured by the phantom dragon, and it used its power to change us into

the small man in his hands, he ran down the mountainside. He ran until he reached a cave on the hill. The small man spoke up, "This is my home". The youth lay the smalling down. The little man said, "Come forward and see my home". And so the boy followed along. The small man opened a door, and they entered into a house built of wood. Entering another door, they came upon a house built entirely of tin. Then into another room that is built entirely of silver. Then at last they came upon a room built of gold. In the middle of this room there sat an old white-bearded man. On both sides of him were guards all of midget size.

The little midget spoke up to the old man, "Last night in the mountains an old phantom was about to swallow me when this youth saved me. That is the reason why I am able to tell you all this now." The little king said to the youth, "You have saved the life of one of my subjects, and I must thank you deeply". Then the old king took out a snow white beard, and this he handed over to the youth, and he said, "If at any time you need aid for whatever obstacles you might encounter, just blow on this beard, and help will come to you". The youth thanked the king for this gift, and he hid it under his cloak.

The young man must continue with his journey, and he took leave of the midget king. Before he left the king gave him an earthen vessel which was filled with water. And he said to the youth, "A few drops of this water on a stone, will immediately turn the stone into gold".

He ran out of the door, and at this moment the flower spoke out again, "Take me out". The boy released the flower from his grasp, and it blew into the air. "Follow me, follow me", it called out.

The boy ran and ran, and soon he came to the top of the hill. By this time, he was all tired out, and settled down on a piece of rock to rest himself. At this moment the flower glided gracefully down, and it spoke out, "Hide me away now". The youth then hid both the flower and the hat under his cloak. And he settled under a large tree to sleep.

The night began to darken. In the middle of the night, the youth was wakened by strange sounds close to him. He startled out of his sleep, and he saw a snake-like creature carrying a little man, ready to devour him. The youth picked up a large flat stone, and with it, he beat the creature. It became frightened, and then scampered away.

The little man, very small, said, "Pick me up in the palms of your hands". The boy did as he was told, and the little man bowed once, and said, "You have saved my life, and I am very grateful to you. That snake-like creature is a phantom. It will come back and make trouble. Let us depart."

The youth said to the little man, "There is no need to be afraid. I have in my possession many valuable things."

Just as he said that, there came crawling along the ground a thousand snake-like creatures. Immediately the boy put on the wind hat, and thus he became invisible. Carrying

golden horns, and this she handed over to the young man. Then the boy took the cow to pasture, Now this cow was one of wild nature, and made great trouble for the boy, and he was powerless to care for it. Then he suddenly remembered the hair given to him by the wolf. He quickly blew on it, and to his surprise there were thousands of wolves all around him. They all surrounded the cow, and it was caught in the middle. The cow was powerless and so did not cause any more trouble. Thus the first day passed in peace. The second and third days passed calmly, because the wolves were still guarding the cow. At nightfall of the third day, the boy took the cow back to the old woman, and when she saw the cow unharmed, she praised the boy for his ability.

"And what do you wish for your reward", she asked the boy. "Do you wish gold, or would you rather have clothes?"

The boy remembered what the fox had told him, and he said, "I would like to have the wind hat that is hanging on the wall". The old woman shook her head, and answered, "The hat is a very precious possession of mine, and I do not wish to part with it".

The boy said, "You have told me that whatever I wish, you will give to me. I only desire the hat."

The old woman said again, "If it is anything else, I shall most willingly grant it. But this hat, never!"

Knowing that nothing else could make the woman give up her hat, the boy quickly ran toward the wall, and put on the hat. Immediately he became invisible. The old woman was unable to see him.

you to look after her precious cow for three complete days. If nothing happens to the cow during these three days, she will reward you with whatever you desire. But you must take an old wind hat in back of the stove near the wall. This hat is a very precious thing, and whenever you put it on your head, you will become invisible to everyone. You must remember these instructions, and you will be all right", and saying that, the fox disappeared into the distance.

The boy spent the whole night underneath the tree. The next day he kept following the moving flower, and thus he went on his way. He continued for a few leagues when he saw a house built of strong iron, and it was then that the flower spoke out, "It is time to hide me again. Whenever I speak, then it will be time for you to take me out again." And so the boy took the flower from the air and hid it away. He approached the door of the iron house slowly, and when he opened it, he was startled to see a queer looking old woman inside. On seeing the young man, she said, "And why have you come here?" The young man said reverently, "I wish to come here and spend a little time", and the old woman looked at him and said, "I would let you take care of my cow for three days. This cow is a very valuable possession of mine, and you must exercise great care guarding it. If you could take care of this cow without letting anything happen to it, I would reward you with whatever you wish." After she had finished saying that, the old woman brought forth a cow with

The wolf said, "A hunter has hurt my leg. If you would remove the bullet from my leg, I shall be most grateful."

The boy raised the leg of the wolf up, and he took out the bullet.

"You have saved my life, and I shall reward you with one of my hairs. Whenever you blow on this hair, you will have whatever you wish come true", the wolf said. The wolf handed the hair to the boy, and suddenly it disappeared into the distance. The boy hid the hair carefully with the flower, and he continued on his way. After travelling for awhile, he came upon a road which led off into three different directions. He did not know which way to turn, so he took out the flower, and he said aloud, "My mother, which way shall I journey to seek my fortune?"

Then the boy laid the flower on the road, and it blew into motion. "Come this way", it spoke out, and it blew toward the left side of the road. The boy continued on until nightfall, and he stopped beneath a large tree. In front of him he saw a fox. The fox came slowly up and said, "A bee has gotten into my ear, and is bothering me. Will you take it out, so as to save my life?"

The boy said, "I will do it most gladly". Then he slipped his fingers into the ear of the fox, and took the bee out. The fox was grateful. "A thousand thanks", it said, "but I must reward you well. If you wish to seek fortune in this world, you must seek out an old mountain woman and spend a few days in her cabin. While there, the old woman would tell

He ran out of the door, and at this moment the flower spoke out again, "Take me out". The boy released the flower from his grasp, and it blew into the air. "Follow me, follow me", it called out.

The boy ran and ran, and soon he came to the top of the hill. By this time, he was all tired out, and settled down on a piece of rock to rest himself. At this moment the flower glided gracefully down, and it spoke.

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